Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, &c.

Vol. XL. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, May 18, 1872. No. 24

Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

A New Policy.

Should the old system of routine farming in Maine be followed for another season—or should the farmers of our State make an effort to break away from this old style management, and commence this very year to carry on their farms under a new and better plan? It is not too late, even now, to give some thought to the subject embraced in this query; and it is not too late to put in operation for the present year some better modes of culture.

Consider one or two points. What does it cost to raise potatoes, and does the price received for those marketed cover the cost of raising? Is it a profitable course of farming to grow corn as a main crop, requiring as it does so much manure and so much labor in cultivation to ensure a satisfactory return? By thinking for a few moments on some such questions as these, the farmer will not be long in arriving at a decision as to whether it pays to plant great quantities of potatoes, and large fields of corn, and to sow just such grain and plant just such kinds and amounts of crops as our forefathers did. We believe our farmers should have learned by this time that each one can raise some crop or pursue some course of farming better than some one else can do it, and also better than he can do some other things he may now be doing. And although mixed husbandry is by far the safest general system for Maine people to adopt, still there are circumstances in which our farmers can pursue special courses at a great profit. We know of farmers who do no planting or sowing—simply because in their position, they can do better to turn all their energies to orcharding. By this course they have but little hard work, and their orchards bring them whatever else they want. Others plant and sow none of the staple grain or hoed crops, for, as they are located, they find it more profitable to turn their grass and hay to milk. Land in the vicinity of cities and large towns is too valuable to be taken up by the crops usually grown by farmers away from towns, and those living in such places find is profitable to pursue farm-gardening, for supplying these towns with vegetables and early farm crops, garden grown.

Again—is it best to grow corn when you can purchase it at your own door for 90 cents per bushel as you have done this past winter? And if not, decide not to plant another acre. Seed your land and either enlarge your orchard or raise hay, keep cattle and top dress. Don't it pay to raise—even in Maine—such animals as those that lately went from this county to Brighton, as reported in our present issue? If you are located where you cannot have the advantages of a city market, or, if you are not in an orchard section, and if you do not want to sell hay—limit your farm operations in sowing grain and in the culture of the hoed crops, and keep sheep or cows, or induce your neighbors to start a cheese factory—or start out upon some other plan that shall rid you of so much hard work, and at the same time increase your profits. Do this now—don't follow any longer the old rule of planting corn and potatoes, and sowing barley, and oats, and wheat, and doing a little of everything else, simply because your grandfather did. Strike out in some distinctive path that shall give you less work, a less exhaustive system of farming, some eminence in what you undertake, and more profit than by the old method.

We have already suggested enough upon this subject to set our readers thinking, and thinking—in this matter—soon leads to acting. Let the action in this new policy in farming begin now.

State Fair in Bangor.

In our news columns last week we gave some additional particulars concerning the arrangements for the coming State Fair at Bangor, decided upon by the Trustees at their session in this city last week, and have but little to say here. Some remarks, however, on one or two matters may not be out of place.

The sweepstakes Gold Medal decided upon for competition to parties residing in the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as well as to our own breeders—inaugurates a system of prizes that we hope will long be kept up in the future. It is decided to offer this medal for the best bull and two cows of the Short Horn, Devon, Hereford, Ayrshire, Jersey and Dutch breeds—and by throwing it open to competition by our Provincial neighbors, who have so recently been brought nearer to us by new lines of transportation, it is hoped to induce many of their enterprising breeders to contribute to our fairs, and see our way of doing things, and that by this means they and we shall become better acquainted and receive mutual advantage and benefit therefrom. This is in addition to the Society's regular Silver Medal sweepstakes, limited to our own State.

The Society, recognizing the fact that whatever tends to benefit and encourage manufactures, tends directly to aid agriculture by creating better local markets for farm products; and also in view of the fact that to encourage the mechanic arts and manufactures is one of the leading objects of the Society—have decided to offer additional inducements for various mechanical and manufacturing industries, the leading feature of which is a GOLD MEDAL for the best display of goods (fabrics) manufactured by machinery in Maine the present year. This effort of the Society to stimulate competition in this branch of industry, will be appreciated by manufacturers, and will no doubt bring out a most attractive exhibition in this department at the approaching Fair.

The entire premium list has been most carefully revised, and when given to the public, will be found, as a whole, more satisfactory than any list the Society has ever offered. In some cases the premiums have been reduced; in others raised, while it has been the aim throughout, to make less difference between the first and second prizes in certain classes, and also to make third premiums in several divisions where but two premiums have heretofore been offered. This will open the chances for prizes, and induce greater competition. It is quite probable that we shall publish the list in our next issue; but feel safe in saying that we shall give it to our readers in two weeks at the farthest.

Discussions have been arranged for four evenings. Heretofore they have been limited to the first three evenings during the holding of the Fair, but from the interest that has come from them, the great number of subjects demanding investigation, and the large number of farmers present who whish to take part in these discussions, it has been decided to have them occupy four evenings. The topics to be considered are as follows: Culture of Fruit and Forest Trees; Fodder-corn as a Nutrient; The Fence Tax and Fence Laws; Business Farming. Farmers should be "thinking up" on these subjects, so as to present their views when the time approaches.

It is altogether probable that the Penobscot Agricultural, Penobscot Poultry and Bangor Horticultural Societies will unite with the State Society in the coming exhibition, and should such be the case—with the zeal and interest manifested by the citizens of Bangor in the fairs of the above Societies heretofore held—we may reasonably expect one of the largest and most interesting exhibitions ever held in the State of Maine.

An Orchard Number.

Some Thoughts about Maine Trees.

The present issue of the MAINE FARMER may properly be called an orchard number—giving place, as we do, to three highly interesting and valuable articles upon the important subject of orchard management, and the varieties of fruit suited to our own State. We publish these articles in one number, because the season, when their suggestions are of greatest force, is now upon us, and will soon pass—and we wish our readers, if possible, to gather and put in practice the truths presented in these several communications.

It is possible that many will take exceptions to the views of N. C. L., in regard to keeping an orchard in grass, and the distance of setting trees; but he is sound on the general principles of management, and the value of giving good feed to trees—and his views are worthy of thought. For the articles of B. and S. N. T., we bespeak a careful reading. They embody the results of many years of practice, and contain points deserving the considerate attention of every orchardist.

It is worthy of notice that both these gentlemen, speaking from their long experience in different localities in the State, give their preference to Maine grown trees for planting out, as being better adapted to our soil and climate, sure to make better trees, and give more satisfactory results. And we have no doubt that this is the experience of orchardists generally; although in many cases, Western trees, if well grown, and of varieties that do well with us, often succeed in this State, when set upon rich soil and well taken care of. The instance mentioned by B., near the close of his article, of second quality trees sold to a tree peddler to be palmed off upon his customers as best quality stock—is by no means a solitary one. Neither is it true, that trees sent out by some nurserymen as Maine or as New England grown trees, are always what they are represented to be. We are informed upon what we deem good authority, that nurserymen in our own State, who pretend to make a specialty of Maine grown trees, do not, in fact, grow them—but they are purchased West, set out on their own grounds for a year or two, and then sold as Maine grown trees. Some of our New England nurseries, are, in fact, little better than hospitals for defective, sickly trees, brought from New York, and from other points West and South—and yet these very nurserymen make a strong point of the fact that they are sending out home grown trees—when in reality the trees have been "healed in" one winter upon their home grounds. If the parties throughout our State who are engaged in selling foreign grown trees may be said to be deceiving our farmers; how much greater is the fraud practiced by parties who sell "doctored" western trees for those grown in our own soil and cilmate.

Is it not time that we had a nursery in this State in the hands of responsible parties, from which our Maine orchardists could obtain Maine grown trees, and be sure that they were getting them. We believe trees grown by such an establishment would be purchased by our fruit growers in preference to those sold by travelling agents representing foreign nurseries.

There are other points in these articles to which we should like to refer, but leave them, hoping they will be studiously perused by all our readers.

Editorial Notes.

Among our exchanges, no paper is more welcome and none more closely perused than *Hearth and Home*, the rural and family paper started some three years since, and now published by Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New York. It is a large quarto of twenty pages each, and although not quite so markedly an agricultural paper, as it was the first year of its publication, it yet contains a page or two of sprightly rural reading—but what it has lost in this respect, it has more than made up in the number and spirit of its illustrations, and the variety and value of its family, childrens' and news departments. "The End of the World" by Rev. Edward Eggleston, the popular author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," has just been commenced in its columns, and it promises to become as interesting as that unique story. Terms $3.00 per year.

Mr. W. H. Moores, lately Superintendent of the Hallowell City Farm, but who has since leased the well known Swanton farm near that city, has just added to his herd of thirty cattle, a pure bred Short Horn bull, "Baron of Fairview 2d," from the stock of Augustus Whitman, Esq., of Worcester, Mass. He is one of the best bred animals in the State, being of the "Princess" strain of blood, one of the most celebrated of the Short Horn families. Mr. Moores is one of our most enterprising farmers, and has just those qualities that are sure to win success.

Two Useful Hints.

We noticed, when looking over the splendid new barn at Highland Stock Farm in Oxford, last winter, that leather straps were invariably used for fastening cattle. The straps were made of ordinary harness leather, attached to the stancheon by a ring, and provided with a stout buckle. Mr. Holbrook assured us that they were easier to the cattle's necks than any other mode of fastening, and had proved every way successful.

A horse well broken to the halter needs but a small cord to fasten him, either when in the stable or if hitched out of doors. True, a strong halter is sometimes desirable in holding horses that get frightened—but generally a light cord is sufficient—for all the practical purposes of a halter, especially in the stable. Besides, we know of many cases of horses becoming hung with a strong halter, when a smaller one would have broken, and saved their lives.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

My Experience in Orcharding.

Profits of Fruit Growing--Maine Apples.

I have read with much interest in your columns the articles by yourself and your correspondents on fruit culture. Although much attention has been paid, and many thousands of dollars have been expended for fruit trees by our farmers, still we are far behind some other States in the quantity and quality of fruit produced in Maine. We have yet much to learn in regard to the most suitable kinds of apple trees to set out in this section of our country; and we know of no better way of acquiring the necessary knowledge, than by the organization of Pomological Societies in each county, and the dissemination of their experience through the columns of your widely circulated paper. I think there is no production of our soil which pays so good a profit, according to the time and labor devoted to it, as the apple crop. For more than twenty-five years we have been purchasing fruit trees from travelling agents of nurseries from New York and other States. Thousands of dollars have been paid to these agents, and still large quantities of apples are imported from the West. We can produce better apples in Maine, and they bring a higher price in the southern cities than apples from any other State. Twenty years ago, thousands of apple trees were landed at our railroad depot from the West, for farmers in this vicinity, and still apples are not so plenty in our market as they were in 1850, and bring a much higher price. Either these imported trees were not adapted to our soil and climate, or we do not know how to take care of them, to make them yield fruit.

Information as to Varieties Wanted.

Now, we want information from those who have had experience in the cultivation of the apple, as to what kinds are best adapted to our climate? What kinds are most suitable to set out on hard clay soil? What kinds thrive best near the sea coast—and what kinds are most suitable for the interior of our State? Will not those who have had experience give us information through your columns? I have been experimenting for about twenty-five years, and freely impart what little I might have learned in regard to fruit raising.

Twenty-five Years Experience.

In the first place I find that trees raised by myself are the most hardy and produce the most abundantly. And those I have grafted with the Baldwin, Winthrop Greening, Porter, Golden August, Hailey and Haskell Sweet, yield well; while most of the trees imported from the West, are very difficult to make thrive, and are very shy bearers. My soil is a hard, rocky clay. In my neighborhood are two small orchards, the trees in one were purchased from the nursery of Rev. Mr. Drew, of your city, about eighteen years since, and produce yearly two or three barrels each, and they have received but little care; while in the other orchard the trees were brought from the western part of New York, and have received much care, and their yield will not average a half bushel to a tree. The first mentioned orchard is set on a coarse, rocky soil, and the other on a sandy soil, well enriched and sub-soiled.

Maine Grown Trees the Best.

I am of the opinion that all fruit trees and vines should be raised within our own State, so far as practicable. Many kinds of trees and vines that will flourish and produce well in New York and Massachusetts, will not yield well in Maine, and are no more calculated for our climate than is the peach tree; especially many kinds of the pear and grape vine, which are sold in this State. I have tried many kinds of grape, but there are but two or three kinds which are certain to ripen here, viz: the Delaware, Hartford Prolific and Creveling. The catalogues of the New York and Massachusetts nurseries are scattered broadcast over our State, and these nurseries are advertised in about all the agricultural papers, and have their agents constantly preambulating the State, while probably a large portion are not aware that we have good nurseries in our own State. I would herewith call the attention of those nurserymen in this State, who raise fruit trees for sale, to advertise their business in the MAINE FARMER, and I can safely assure them that by so doing they will add much to the amount of their yearly sales.

Hardy Pears.

Visiting the orchard of a neighbor a few days since, he informed me that he had a hundred pear trees, consisting of about twenty different varieties, and among them were four of the Nickerson, and four of the Fulton varieties, and that their yield is worth more than all his other pear trees. Both of these varieties originated in this State. I have paid all the way from thirty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents for trees to travelling agents of western nurseries, and in most cases their fruit would not pay for the dressing applied to the soil on which they stand. In purchasing trees at a nursery, you can procure the first quality of trees at a less price than the second quality from travelling agents, which are the kind generally sold by them.

Being in the neighborhood of Boston a few years since, I visited a nursery for the purpose of purchasing a few trees, I noticed a large lot which were taken up and piled in heaps. They were either crooked, bad rooted, galled or defective in some way. I inquired of the proprietor what he did with such trees? He informed me that he sold them to Mr. ——, a travelling peddler of trees, for six dollars per hundred. I had purchased the same kind of this peddler a year previous, and paid as high as seventy-five cents each for some of them.

Brunswick. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

How to get an Orchard.

After selecting the ground for an orchard, go to work and dig and haul all the stone and stumps from it. Plow deep and level the land off, and you are ready for your fence. Put on a good, substantial fence, that will not admit any creatures only by the way of the gate or bars, and always keep the fence in good repair, and suffer no cattle to enter the enclosure, only for the purpose of labor. This fence built you will plow your ground again, and harrow and work in manure to your liking. Sow your ground and seed down the same. Pick up all the stone and sticks that lie on the top of the ground, take them away so that it will leave a smooth surface.

Select the best trees you can find; those that are young, straight and sound. When you take them up be careful and do not break any of the roots, for they have none to part with. When set they want to be so near each other that they will shade the ground well. When it is necessary to cut limbs, cut them when small. Let the lower limbs be so high from the ground that a tall man can pass under them and not hit his beaver. When you prune, be careful and let no two limbs in the top chaff each other; cut off one of the two.

Now for the management of the ground. You must keep all plows and hog's snouts out of the surface of the ground of your orchard. I know most every one says (and practices) plowing, sowing, mowing, and hauling crops out of their orchard, but I say it is a bad practice. Let the crop of grass go back into the ground every year, and that will keep the ground mellow and rich, and will protect the roots of the trees from the drouths of the season and the cold chills of the fall and spring, and also help to keep them warm, rugged and healthy. By so doing, they will bear well and live long. You want your ground in a condition that will grow thirty or forty hundreds to the acre. (?—ED.) Just before you gather your apples, you can cut the grass down and spread it, or you can roll it down, just as you please, so that it will be smooth to pick up your apples. If you think more nutriment to the trees is wanted, you can haul and spread manure on the ground, but do not allow the surface of your orchard soil to be broken or any crops to be taken from it.

If you should want a wash for your trees at any time, first scrape the trunks, and then put on fish oil. This is the best wash that can be found.

Our orchards are all dying out, and what is the cause? It is owing to their treatment, as I have before said; plowing up and cutting off the roots, exposing them to sudden, hard drouths and severe frosts, and robing them of nutriment, which tends to impoverish and disorder them, and brings on decay and short life. Feed and clothe the trees well, and keep them warm, and you will do this by not breaking the surface of the soil or taking the foliage away. N. C. L.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maine Apples.

Their Superiority in Market.

An editorial on the above subject in No. 19 of the FARMER, also the valuable communications by "W. G." in same and following papers, have so interested me that I feel like contributing my mite in encouraging some movement that may aid in establishing the character of Maine apples, and *pears too*. Perhaps a well organized Pomological society would do the work as efficiently as any plan that can be devised. I think there are intelligent and zealous fruit growers in Maine who will admit that there are some dozen varieties of apples of Maine origin that will compare very favorably in hardiness, productiveness and character to grow in Maine, with as many kinds selected from the most popular Western sorts. Although some of them have never been "shown up" in catalogues or otherwise gained much notoricty by being puffed; yet a little experience in sending apples to market has shown me that tastes will favor Maine apples; that among twelve or more good varieties sent to Portland, a Maine apple has commanded the highest price; while another choice variety (the Starkey) is so highly valued in Bath and other towns on the Kennebec, that it takes a very nice apple to compete with it in price. Indeed, some of our Maine apples are gaining in public favor to such an extent that Massachusetts nurserymen have recently been ordering scions from our new and popular sorts, (evidently with an eye open for trade, in supply us with trees.)

From a little personal knowledge of the fitness of certain popular Western varieties, I have retained only the Northern Spy from a five dollar package of scions received from Elwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y., some twenty-five years ago. Yet there are thousands of trees, including a score of famous varieties from New York, sold annually in Maine.

What Variety to Grow.

It is certainly a very important question for the orchardist to determine just what sorts of fruit to grow on his own soil; as a variety that flourishes in one locality may not succeed as well in an adjoining town. For instance, the Roxbury Russett is one of the most unprofitable sorts with me, while others having deeper and moist rocky soil, have good success with it. Again, somebody may have a certain favorite because he or his neighbor has originated or introduced it, and it looks well and gains some notoriety; but on careful comparison is found lacking in character. I was recently shown a "Sears apple," a variety exhibited I think at Readfield last autumn, and figured in the FARMER as a handsome native sort. Upon this recommendation and its supposed future fame, H. S. Webber of Monroe, ordered a package of scions, and received with them specimens of the apples, which proved to be of very poor quality. I agreed with my friend W. that they were not worth cultivating; while specimens on Mr. Webber's own grounds from a vigorous, well formed tree (which had borne twenty bushels of apples in one season) have qualities to recommend them for general culture. Fruit nearly lemon color, slight blush, medium sized, firm, sub acid, with small core.

I think no fruit should be recommended for general culture until well tested for many years in all localities. After trying many sorts af apples and pears, I have decided upon only those that prove valuable for hardiness, productiveness and desirable good qualities.

Experience with Pears.

Two years ago I received some "choice" pear scions by mail. Wishing to test them as soon as possible, I grafted the "President" into a standard Flemish Beauty. The scion grew finely, made a perfect union with the stock, and promised to show fruit soon. But a glance at the branch this spring showed that the "President" had no bud of promise left, being entirely winter-killed, while the remainder of the tree is perfectly sound and strong. As this was the only scion I had, it was gratifying to see it depart in infancy, before other stocks were enfeebled by it. The Bartlett, which I had almost discarded on account of tenderness, stands the test close by, finely; while the Goodale (one year from graft) looks very bright and vigorous. While on the subject of Maine apples, I beg the privilege of saying a word in favor of

Maine Grown Trees.

Among the strong arguments in favor of trees grown on or near the farm where they are to be planted in the orchard, is that some of the best orchards in the State have been reared in this way. Who can show a better record from their orchard than J. Pope & Son of Manchester, who state that they have raised all the trees for their sixteen acres? J. H. Smiley of Vassalboro', another well known and very successful orchardist, has recently been trying some New York trees, but informs me that he is decidedly in favor of home grown trees. My advice has been and still is, to farmers who inquire about Western trees—have a nursery on the farm if possible; if not, get *good trees* from the nearest source, and encourage "home production." Thousands of dollars will very soon be called for by the agents for "dwarf" and other apple trees. Some will doubtless want trees to replace those lost by grasshoppers, the past trying season. But many of our Maine farmers are "spring poor" just now, and can hardly afford to pay fifty to seventy-five cents for *fancy trees*. S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fodder Corn---Hungarian Grass.

A "Subscriber" in your paper of Feb. 28th, asks if any way has been found to plant fodder corn more expeditiously than by the old method. Yes: I plant and cultivate with horses, and raised last season two acres. Self and boy plowed the ground, manured, harrowed and planted nearly an acre a day. I use Johnson's scraper, operated with wheels, to distribute the manure from the heap on the ground ready for spreading. On a light or gravelly soil, I prefer plowing in the manure, not too deep, while on moist or more retentive soil I would harrow it in. The most effective pulveriser I have seen is Share's A shaped coulter harrow, made by W. E. Barrett & Co., Providence, R. I. It leaves the soil light (unlike the spiketooth harrow,) and for newly broken ground it is admirable.

Instead of the old method of hand planting, I use a "leveler" made thus: two square pieces, say four by four inches, (spruce is good) seven or eight feet long, placed in a form of a harrow; then on the underside, pin or bolt crosswise, halving them on at the intersection, two pieces of sapling six feet long and five inches in diameter, straight and free from bark, and placed say four or five feet apart. The leveler will cover a space six feet in width. Then after the corn is sown in the furrows, I use a double mould board plow, marking off the rows three feet apart, say about two and a half bushels of Southern corn to the acre; with bucket in one hand, one can strew it along the furrows, five or twenty grains to the foot, as fast as he can walk. I begin at one corner and drive quartering, and find it better than dragging the leveler directly across the rows. Cut fedder when fully tasseled.

I raised nearly three tons of dried fodder per acre. I cut with a corn knife, and after one or two days' sun, bind in small bundles with barn grass. Shock and let stand six or eight days, if weather promises fair. I cure it mostly in the barn by hanging the bundles across poles laid upon the beams in the roof and on the high beams. It is better and more fragrant dried in the shade.

I regard Hungarian grass, or millet, excellent for an annual; it makes fine hay for any stock if cut before the seed ripens fully. I find the Hungarian far better to sow to get a good catch of clover and timothy among, than oats; and I prefer it to oats for several reasons. Sow Hungarian grass any time in May on well prepared, rich ground, same as grain. I get three tons per acre. I find the leveler useful in reducing lumps and smoothing the ground for any crop. S. W. CONE.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Farmer's Garden---5.

Transplanting.

From the middle to the last of May, will usually be early enough to transplat cabbage, lettuce and beets from the hot bed into warm, sheltered borders. The plants should be gradually hardened by leaving open the sashes and finally, just before transplanting, taking them off entirely. If there is any danger of the plants getting too large before the weather is warm enough to put them out, transplant them in cold-frames three inches apart each way. Cabbages will bear a considerable degree of cold, provided they are hardened by gradual exposure. Last spring I put out about two hundred and fifty plants quite early in the season; afterwards it came on cold with a severe Northeast snow storm. The plants were completely covered with snow—the most of them bent to the ground. My neighbors said I should lose the whole of them; but they soon came up from under the snow and I did not lose a plant. The reason I suppose was, the ground was rich and warm, the plants strong, stocky and well grown; and in consequence they were hardly checked in their growth by transplanting. So the snow storm had little effect upon them.

Hot bed plants should be transplanted in warm, pleasant weather; otherwise they are liable to become chilled. Water the bed thoroughly, take up the plants with a transplanting trowel—if possible, with a lump of dirt adhering to each. If they have been grown too thickly and it becomes necessary to separate them, cut off the long tap roots with a sharp knife or pair of shears. This will induce a new growth of side or lateral roots, and cause the plants to grow strong and healthy.

Put cabbages out in rows two feet apart and thirty inches in the row; as it is an object to economize space in the garden set them in the *quincunx* order, that is at equal distances apart each way. To do this neatly and with dispatch, mark off the ground in rows two feet apart. Then with the teeth of your marker set fifteen inches apart, commence at one corner of your piece and mark it at right angles with the rows. Set the plants in the first row thirty inches apart, or in every other cross-mark. Then take the alternate marks in the next row and so on. I give herewith a diagram repre * * * * senting the method of * * * * marking and planting. But * * * * very likely it will not be convenient for the publishers to reproduce it. Any one, however, can readily draw one. This plan will make your plants as nearly thirty inches apart each way as is desirable for practical purposes. The space saved will be equal to one-fifth of the whole ground. After transplanting water plentifully. If a little guano or manure from the hen roost be added, it will give the plants a firm start. But it will not do to have it too strong as it will be apt to induce club-root, the great dread of all cabbage growers. As a precaution against this, use a compost of lime, salt and superphosphate, one part each, wood ashes three parts; mix thoroughly and apply a handful to each hill. Then work it well into the soil with the hoe or six-tined fork. Land for cabbages should always be *fresh*; clover sod is best. Lettuce may be planted between the hills, and will come off in season to be put out of the way of the cabbages. GEO. B. DORR.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Maine "Agricultural" College.

Another political appointment for the "Agricultural" College is announced, that of Hon. John A. Peters, as one of the Trustees. Mr. Peters is a capital lawyer, and a shrewd politician, but neither a farmer, nor the son of a farmer. Such appointments are an imposition upon, and an insult to the farmers of the State, and are doing more to intensify the want of confidence bestowed on that Institution by a very large proportion of the farmers of Maine, than all other causes combined.

That College is, or was, designed professedly to educate for Agricultural and Mechanical pursuits; yet of the whole Board of Managers, one possibly may be a farmer, whilst there are two lawyers, a merchant, a lumberman, and a U. S. Official; men not identified with, or even practically interested in Agriculture, who have the supervision and management of that school at Orono, wherein farmers' sons are to be taught what *they* "know of farming." The tendency of the whole matter is, as Ex. Gov. Chamberlain predicted, that the College would drift out of Agriculture into Literature. We had hoped for better things of the College, but as it seems to have become the established and settled policy of "The powers that be" to deny to the farmers of Maine any voice in management of that Institution, it is to be hoped that the next Legislature will change the name, that it may no longer give the lie to its true, or prospective character.

A FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Treatment of Kicking Cows.

I occasionally notice inquiries in the Agricultural papers for a remedy for kicking cows. I purchased, a few years since, an excellent cow, but, as her former owner informed me, "She would kick out a double shuffle frequently while being milked," which I soon found to be the fact. I bowed her up in a horse stall, fixed a piece of hard-wood plank across the stall, so that it rested about six inches from the floor, and two inches forward of her hind feet. She soon found the sharp edge of the plank was injured less than her shins, and after a few trials abandoned her bad habit of kicking.

I had another cow who kept a continual switching of her tail while being milked. I placed a small pole across the top of the stall, bored a hole in a board near the end, placed a wire ring through it, slipped the pole through the ring, so that the board hung about two feet from the floor, at the side of the cow's near hind leg. She can pound the board with her caudal appendage all she pleases without inconvenience to her milker. The ring slides on the pole, and the board can be shoved aside when not needed. B.

Brunswick.

For the Maine Farmer.

Rockweed--Seashore Farms for Sale.

In an article published in your paper of April 20th, I neglected mentioning one of the most important fertilizers which we obtain from the seashore, viz: rockweed. By composting rockweed and swamp muck, in equal parts, I have raised heavier crops of corn, on light sandy land, than I could succeed in doing with barn dressing. We make the compost heap in the fall of the year, and apply it to the land in the ensuing spring, a shovelfull to each hill.

There are several good farms for sale in this place, some of which have been lost to their owners by ship-building. I hope the assignees in bankruptcy of these farms will have the forethought to advertise them in the MAINE FARMER, that farmers may learn of the time of the sale, and that they may be purchased by those who take an interest in farming. Two of these farms are clay loam, and bordering on the seashore. A friend residing at the upper end of the Androscoggin Railroad informs me that farms are sold at higher prices in his section than with us. B.

Brunswick.

For the Maine Farmer.

Planting Beans--Query.

For many years I have pursued the vocation of a house-builder in the metropolis of New England, but within a few years have decided to follow in the footsteps of my father, consequently have turned farmer. On my farm is a lot containing nearly two acres, all of which I propose to plant with beans. Some years ago this bore very stout grass, but until last year has been in pasture. It is a clay loam, and free from stone; last year corn and potatoes grew there, but the coming season I want to plant it to beans. Will some of your successful farmers and correspondents (W. P. A. of Hallowell, for instance,) tell me the best course, in their opinion, to pursue with the land and crop. Barn manure I am not bountifully supplied with, therefore I must provide and use superphosphate or plaster. Please respond. JACKPLANE.

Agricultural Intelligence.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farm News and Notes.

Maine Apples---The Winthrop Greening.

I have read with much interest the articles on "The Apple," by W. G. and hope some good native apples may be brought to notice. In the MAINE FARMER of May 17, 1855 was a cut and description of a native apple called the Winthrop Greening said to be a very fine apple. I have heard nothing from it since, but if it was what it purported to be it should be known and extensively cultivated. [The Winthrop Greening is a well established sort and there are few autumn varieties superior to it. It is a large, handsome apple, flesh yellowish white, of a very good sub acid flavor—ED.]

Clifton. L.

Industry Farmers' and Mechanics' Club.

This Club met at the Centre School House on Wednesday evening, April 17th, and discussed the question, "Resolved, That the drought and pests of last summer will be a benefit to the farming community." After a somewhat lengthy discussion, participated in by some of our best farmers, the Club had the pleasure of listening to a very able prize essay on "Bread Making," by Mrs. A. N. Goodridge; [We should be happy to receive a copy for publication.—ED.] followed by the reading of a paper by Miss Clara B. Thomas. It was suggested by members of the Club, that as the time had arrived for final adjournment, it would be well to elect the officers for the ensuing year, and the following choice was made: President, B. H. Waugh; Vice President, M. M. Luce; Librarian and Treasurer, A. N. Goodridge; Secretary, A. W. Morrill; Corresponding Secretary, John R. Luce; Committee on resolutions, Truman Luce, Frank Hutchins, J. Albert Learned. Question adopted for next meeting, "Resolved, That this Farmers' and Mechanics' Club is being a benefit to this community." Parties were appointed to open the discussion, and the Club adjourned to Wednesday evening, the 11th of September next. JOHN R. LUCE.

Handsome Kennebec Steers.

Twelve Kennebec steers were started from West Waterville, the last week in March, said to be the best car load of cattle ever carried to Brighton market from Maine. One pair girted 8 ft 10 in, home weight 5300 lbs, were fed and sold by Andrew J. Libby. Winthrop Morrill sold two pairs averaging 8 ft.; one pair grade Durhams, nicely matched, were fed till last fall, by Ex-Gov. Morrill, of Readfield, weight 4500 lbs. Perry Tiffany, of Sidney, sold one pair 7 ft. 10 in., weight 4000 lbs. Wm. P. Blake sold four thre-year-old steers, (four this Spring), average girth 8 ft. to the steer, all sired by Underwood's thoroughbred Hereford, "Wellington Hero." The six pairs were sold for about $2300; weight, 26,500 lbs.

A Singular Freak.

Mr. James Smith, of North Newburg, has a sheep which dropped a lamb on April 20th, and eleven days afterwards dropped another one. Both lambs are smart and lively, and are both owned by the sheep. The first one is considerably larger than the last, also is of a black color, and large limbed; while the last one is white, and of an entirely different shape from the other. This is a pretty tough story, but Mr. Smith says that it is just so, whether people believe it or not. G. H. S.

Hampden.

More Good Jerseys.

We have two Jersey heifers that we think nice, though not remarkable. One is just two years old, the other not quite two. One girts plump five feet, the other five feet four inches, lacking only four inches of being as large as our large Durham cow. One dropped her calf in February, the other in March; one was a heifer calf, which we are raising. The larger one gives ten quarts per day, and the other nine; it is very nice, rich milk, and they have good bags and are easy milkers; they are both seven eighths Jersey. They have been kept well, and are in excellent condition: they were not stunted when they were calves, and although raised on *skimmed milk*, had a little oil-cake and meal in addition. They have always been well and hearty. No kind of stock will mature so quick as the Jerseys.

Hallowell. W. P. A.

Public Lands--Answer to "Republican."

Since reading "Republican's" letter, I have been thinking over the policy of Maine in regard to her public land. We paid a good price for it, have given the State's land to railroads in Piscataquis county, and the timber lands in Aroostook county to the E. and N. A. Railroad, reserving the settling land for any one who will make a home on 160 acres of it for $80, paying in work on the roads, that he must make or do without. Can you call that a "narrow-minded policy?" Maine don't ask twenty per cent interest; she will sell as good land as can be found in New England, "without money or price;" all she asks is that settlers make comfortable homes for themselves. Most of the young men think there is too much work for them. Now if we won't use the land for ourselves, why not let the Swedes have a little of it? They will work, are temperate, patient, and from all reports, just the kind of men we need. I hope they will fill the land. Let us give them such a welcome that they will forget they were once strangers to us.

Now is a good time to buy low-priced farms, in all of the northern counties of Maine. In many towns you can buy small farms for less then the buildings could be constructed for. You need not pay all down. You need not give more than 6 per cent interest on the balance. The West is fast filling up. The German people are preparing as never before, to sail for the United States the coming season. It seems to me that "now is the time" for our young men to buy themselves farms.

Foxcroft. N. S. CARPENTER.

An Offer to our Subscribes.

I send you by mail one dozen Downer's Prolific Strawberry plants, and as I have a large supply I will send one or more dozen to such of the subscribers of your valuable paper as will send me ten cents to pay for digging, packing and postage. MILLARD W. JOHNSON.

Norwich, Vermont.

Draining Low Meadows.

I am glad to hear you speak so much about draining meadow land, and hope you will continue to advocate it for the future. I think it the best land we have when reclaimed. I have 150 acres of wet meadow, with a soil ten feet deep, and believe if it was drained it would make good land, hence I want all the information I can get on draining.

Topsham. ELBRIDGE RANDALL.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

The trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society have arranged a liberal list of premiums. There is an offer of two premiums for the best and second best example of farm improvements, under which the small farm will stand an equal chance with a large farm. Entries must be made by the 15th of June, and the first examination on the committee will be made before the 1st of July. Joseph Percival of Waterville, C. R. Drummond of Winslow and J. S. Gifford of Fairfield, were appointed the committee.

Apples.

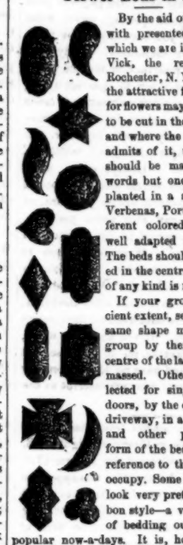
A writer in a late issue says we are behind the age as to the best varieties of apples, to be raised in Maine. My advice to farmers, if they intend to raise apples for market, is not to have too many varieties. Baldwins are always saleable and great producers; Russetts and Greenings and Tallman Sweets, are also good shipping varieties. Fall fruit, unless for home market, is not profitable for us to raise. Growers of fruit would be well repaid to visit Friend Pope's orchard in Manchester, and will there receive useful lessons, both in raising trees and putting up fruit as it should be. A DEALER.

The Bellflower.

This is a valuable apple for all home purposes. I always set the trees where they can have the wash of the barn yard, as they will not produce good fruit unless in rich soil. It is a poor shipping apple. A.

Woman's Department.

Flower Beds in Lawns.



By the aid of the diagram herewith presented—for the use of which we are indebted to Mr. J. Vick, the renowned florist of Rochester, N. Y., we show some of the attractive forms in which beds for flowers may be made. They are to be cut in the turf of the lawn, and where the extent of ground admits of it, the several flowers should be massed—or in other words but one kind should be planted in a single bed. Phlox, Verbenas, Portulaca and the different colored geraniums, are well adapted for this purpose. The beds should be slightly raised in the centre, and no edging of any kind is required.

If your grounds are of sufficient extent, several beds of the same shape may be made in a group by themselves—as in the centre of the lawn—and the colors massed. Other forms may be selected for single beds opposite doors, by the curve of a walk or driveway, in a corner of the lawn and other positions—and the form of the bed selected may have reference to the position it is to occupy. Some of these beds would look very pretty planted in ribbon style—a very attractive way of bedding out, and one quite popular now-a-days. It is, however, rather too elaborate for small gardens.

For the Woman's Department.

A Letter from Patience.

COUNTRY PEOPLE AS REFINED AS CITY PEOPLE.

I suppose the maintenance of the Woman's Department to be, not a question of ability, but of will and opportunity. It seems to me, that at this late day, there can be no doubt as to the country ladies in Maine being abundantly able to fill one or many columns, not only with recipes for cakes and pies, but with interesting literary matter. That foolish contempt for everything "countrified" which is expressed by some, is only the result of ignorance, and cannot exist, I think, in the mind of any one who knows the real intelligence and culture of country people.

WANT OF LEISURE FOR WRITING.

It is nevertheless true, that while many are capable, they yet lack leisure for such effort. In addition to the many duties peculiar to farm life, are those imposed by fashion, whose sway is quite as absolute here as elsewhere. Then it is nearly impossible to procure good help. If by any means we succeed in pursuading a girl to stay with us out of clear compassion, we esteem ourselves fortunate. I know that I blame the girls. I have been a practice with ladies when together, to make their trials with their servants, their faults, insufficiency, &c., the burden of their conversation. I think we must all plead guilty, in some degree, to this charge. Of course no spirited Yankee girl will place herself in a position where every little foible, and every blunder and short-coming, however slight, is held up to censure, perhaps ridicule. Evidently an application of the Golden Rule to our conduct in this, as in every other relation in life, would alter this state of things materially to our advantage.

HOUSEHOLD INVENTIONS BUT "BROKEN STAFFS."

Hitherto all machinery invented for the use of housekeepers—with the exception of the sewing machine—has proved, I think, but a broken staff, indeed, to depend upon. Patent churns and washing-machines, we have tried till they have been nearly the death of us; and many smaller inventions are always out of order when needed most, being literally more plague than profit. I believe that until some other motive power than woman's muscle or "elbow grease" can be applied, all machinery for housekeeping purposes, will prove in a great measure a failure.

I am happy to see that a goodly number have taken the matter in hand, and are getting up a very entertaining column. I

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 18, 1872.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credite on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. Y. DARLING is now canvasing and collecting in Penobscot County.

Mr. C. S. AYERS is now canvassing the towns in West Somerset.

Violence in the West.

Reports of murders, highway robberies and riots which almost daily reach us from points West show a very unsettled state of affairs, especially in the Indian and some of the other territories. With the white outlaws, the irrepressible Mormons and the hostile Indians, all operating at the same time, the few peaceable and law-abiding citizens of those remote and unprotected places, are passing through a trying ordeal. Cass county, Missouri has been declared in a state of insubordination, and placed under martial law. The mob has complete possession of everything, and has inaugurated a reign of terror. Though the acts of these rioters are reprehensible and criminal in the highest degree, they have had great provocation in the malfeasance of their county officers. These officers, including two judges, have swindled the county out of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. We have already in these columns made some allusions to the atrocities committed by the mob, but in order that our readers may more fully understand the causes which led to the recent railroad murders, we will briefly go over the case.

Some fourteen years ago, Cass county voted to loan its credit in aid of the Missouri railroad, and had its bonds prepared ready to be issued. Before these bonds were delivered, a dispute arose between the county and Company, the former contending that the Company had not complied with the conditions upon which the promised aid was based; and the result was, the bonds were locked up in the county treasury. Then came on the war of the rebellion and Cass county was occupied by Federal troops. The county treasury was pillaged, and the bonds brought to the North. Of course they were worthless to the parties holding them, and after the war was over they were returned to Cass county. The railroad Company had no claim to them, or if they had, it was waived, and then a villanous scheme was concocted to cheat the county out of the whole amount—in other words, to issue the bonds and make the county liable to pay them. A ring was formed whose rascality was hardly equalled in Tammany itself; the bonds were issued, and the proceeds divided among the members of the ring. Among the members were two county judges who convened the county court, and by the aid of others sanctioned the issue of the bonds. The victimized people of the county, finding legal redress thus taken away, organized a formidable mob and have commenced a war of extermination against every person who had any part in the issue of the bonds, or shared in the spoils.

Judges Stevenson and Forsyth, who convened the court, and several others, were taken from the cars, and murdered, and the mob is pledged not to stay its hand until all the participators in in the fraud are slain. A mob like this, composed of the most desperate characters in that semi-barbarous region, many of them ex-rebel bushwackers, is a dangerous body to be let loose upon a defenceless county, and unless it is speedily crushed, many acts of violence will doubtless be committed, beyond the avenging of their own wrongs.

The actors in the bloody riot at Going Snake Court House are yet at large, and before they are arrested, there is danger of a repetition of the sanguinary scenes of the ninth of April. When judge, jury, officers and spectators are obliged to go to the court-house armed to the teeth, justice becomes a mockery, and the court a farce, closing most likely with a tragedy.

The Mormons, especially those who were tried and imprisoned by Judge McKean, have exhibited anything but a saintlike spirit since their release. The decision of the Supreme Court in relation to territorial rights has the force of law, and must be obeyed, whether right or wrong, but its effect is to encourage the mob spirit in Utah, and in all the territories.

Next comes a report that the Missouri and Texas Railroad Company is prevented from extending its road by a gang of outlaws through whose ranches it is located. United States troops have been sent for to protect the laborers, and drive off the desperadoes. They are armed and desperate, and a bloody encounter is regarded as imminent.

And lastly, the Indians on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, are making hostile threats and demonstrations, in case the road is extended through the feeding grounds of the buffalo. This animal is everything to the Indian of the Plains, affording him not only a great part of his food, but with covering for his feet and body, and a bed upon which to repose at night. Hence their desperation and threats to fight, if the buffalo is molested. The chief is reported to have said that he expected extermination, but that he preferred to die in battle than from starvation. This Indian question is still a troublesome one. A war of extermination is not to be thought of, and as long as he lives there is no safety for the border settlers.

The territories are largely filled up with roving bands of the most desperate characters, wretches who acted the part of guerillas and bushwackers during the war of the rebellion, and are well schooled in the arts of robbery and assassination. Still unconquered and uncompromising, brooding over the lost cause, and breathing the intensest revenge and hate against the government, their depredations upon the peaceable border settlers serve the double purpose of furnishing them with the means of subsistence, and gratifying their insatiable feeling of revenge. Thoroughly acquainted with the country, and well mounted, they swoop upon their victims like the vulture, and having pillaged and murdered, they are far away before the report of their depredations reaches the nearest post.

We think that we of New England had better be content to cultivate our less productive soils, and endure our hard winters, where we have wholesome laws for our protection, and moral sentiment to sustain and enforce them, rather than brave the dangers of the Western wilds, and be in constant dread of death at the hands of the Indians or of white desperadoes.

The occasional failure of our crops from drouth and depredations of the locust are sources of discouragement, yet as many of the conditions of happiness are with us as with any people in this land. Compensation is one of the great laws that govern the world, and what we are lacking on the one hand is made up to us on the other.

☞ Mr. J. Morrill of Vienna, informs us that he was recently shown a crown piece of the coinage of 1729 which is bright and perfect in every particular. It is in the possession of Geo. B. Whittier who has had it forty-five years. It was given to him when he was ten years old by his mother, on condition that he would use no intoxicating liquors for ten years. He says he fairly earned it by keeping his pledge, and now retains it in memory of his mother and as a relic of the olden time.

☞ We are always pleased to receive communications upon subjects of general interest, and always publish such when they come to us in a condition to go to the compositor, without too much trouble in revising them. In our capacity as censor, we aim to act not only for the interest of our readers, but also of our correspondents. It is not easy for one to judge of the merits of his own composition, and the safest way, especially for young writers, is to submit their articles to the scrutiny of some friend, who is competent to judge of their merits, before sending them to the printer. If an article is sent to us and it does not appear in our columns, the writer may rest assured, that in our judgment it is not for the interest of either reader or writer to have it published. We will make one or two suggestions for the benefit of those of our correspondents, who have not had experience in writing for the press. It is of the first importance to give us a clean masnucript, that is, free from blots, erasures, and interlineations. A bad looking manuscript often goes into the waste basket without being examined by us, when it may have real merit in other respects. Write only on one side of the leaf, that is, write only on the first and third pages of your sheet. Be sure of your spelling; never write a word about which you have any doubt without consulting your dictionary. Study carefully the rules of punctuation and the use of capital letters. Never try to spin out a long letter. A short, pithy communication is much more likely to find a place in our columns than a long one, loosely thrown together. In writing for the papers let your motto be, "Multum in parvo." Lastly, never write poetry unless you are certain you are a natural born poet, for be assured, unless you are, no amount of study can ever make you one. There is a poetical period in the lifetime of almost every person. It is as common to youth as mumps or measles. But with the masses it is only incidental. Of all the millions of persons who have lived upon the earth, scarce a hundred have immortalized their names in the field of poetry. If you desire to write, and have ideas to express, do it in prose, but if you must write and have no ideas, then try poetry, but don't send your manuscript to the printer.

CITY ITEMS. The scarlet fever has proved fatal in several cases on Cushnoc Heights.—E. F. Pillsbury Esq., addressed the Reform Club Saturday evening. A committee was appointed of which Charles Hewins is chairman to solicit funds for the Club.—The Sunday evening services in this city will hereafter be held at 7½ o'clock. At the annual trial of fire engines in this city last week, the machines were found to be in good condition. Between the two hand machines the playing was about equal.—Ten gallons of whiskey directed to one of our citizens was seized by the city marshal on Saturday.—M. L. Stevens of Portland will address the Reform Club next Saturday evening.—James A. Bicknell, Esq., has exchanged his fine residence on Western Avenue with Rev. R. A. Ballou, for one in Somerville, where he will move with his family. He will engage in the real estate and building business in Boston.—Levi Page, one of our oldest and most respected citizens died Tuesday morning. He was clerk of the Common Council for fourteen years.

☞ We are glad to know that some of our citizens are moving in the matter of making propositions to the railroad committee to induce them to report in favor of Augusta as the point of consolidation for their car and repair shops. To that end a surveyor has been employed and the surveys and plans of several places have been made in order to ascertain the most eligible spot. If a proper effort is now made, we have no doubt that this important business may be secured to this city beyond the fear of removal. Augusta has the advantage in that a large part of the company's works are already here, and the company officers have their residences in this city. With this advantage to start with we ought to be able easily to outbid other competing places.

☞ We understand that Hon. G. G. Stacy intends to put up, during the present summer, a building on the south side of Western Avenue to be used as a shoe factory. It is to be three stories high and one hundred feet long, and when completed and in running order will give employment to nearly one hundred workmen. The work is to be commenced immediately. Mr. Stacy is to put up the building and put in the machinery. The manufacture of shoes will be under the charge of experienced parties from Massachusetts who will furnish the stock and have charge of the entire business. The amount of capital required will be about $50,000.

☞ Letters received from Mr. Badger, who is now sojourning for a few weeks with a son in Detroit, Kansas, report him improving in health, and enjoying greatly the novel and stirring scenes of Western life. He expects to return to Maine about the middle of June, spending the summer and autumn months in excursions to different portions of the State, and the next winter in New Orleans, whence he will return the following spring, we trust, benefitted in mind and body by a year's pleasant and profitable vacation, and able to resume his accustomed duties at home.

☞ Major Edward Murphy, son of Mr. Simon Murphy, of this city, died in Binghamton, New York, in October last. Nothing was found in his possession by which his residence could be ascertained, and the news of his death has just reached here. The decision of the inquest was that he died from the effects of an overdose of narcotic accidentally taken. He was a United States officer on the retired list, and was 28 years of age.

☞ Thomas Lambard, Esq., has commenced the erection of his car factory at the East end of the Kennebec railroad bridge. The timber is on the spot, and posts have been placed in the yard to support the building. It is to be 150 feet long by 50 wide, and one story high. He is now filling an order for freight cars for the Boston & Albany Railroad, and gets out one car a day.

☞ The ladies of the Free Baptist society are arranging for an entertainment at their church on Tuesday evening of next week. A lecture will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Penney and a choir from the Jubilee class will furnish the singing. Refreshments will be furnished in the vestry after the close of the exercises in the church. Subject of the lecture "Seeming and Being."

☞ Mr. E. W. Webb, of this city, has two handsome and promising colts, foaled this spring, within a few days of each other, both sired by the celebrated stallion Fearnaught, Jr., at Fearnaught Farm. They are almost identical in style and color, both marked alike, and promise to possess in a striking degree all the traits of blood and breeding, which distinguish their popular progenitor.

☞ Mr. E. F. Moulton of Concord informs us that he visited a farm house in Embden a year ago, which contained the following residents: A widower 70 years of age, a bachelor aged 32, and five widows, whose ages were 74, 72, 54, 53 and 48, respectively. He visited the place again a week ago, and was happy to find them all there still.

☞ About ten o'clock Thursday evening, Mrs. Sarah Merrill, of Turner, threw herself from a third story window, at the Alms House in this city, fracturing both bones of the right wrist. She proved to be insane, and was at once taken to the Insane Hospital.

☞ Will the subscriber who sends us pay for the FARMER, in a letter dated Oakfield, May 4th, inform us in what State and county he resides. We do not find the name of the post-office on our list.

POLITICAL SUMMARY. Hon. James Brooks, M. C., from New York, supports the Cincinnati presidential ticket.—The New York *World* interposes its influence against the possible adoption of the Cincinnati nominee by the Democrats.—There have already been 380 delegates elected to the Republican National Convention, of whom 368 are instructed to vote for President Grant.—Gen. J. R. Hawley has been nominated for U. S. Senator by the Republicans in the Connecticut Legislature. The Democrats nominated O. S. Ferry, Republican. The Southern Democratic papers are very generally coming out for Greeley.—Guerilla Mosby called on President Grant last week, and stated that as between Grant and Greeley he should vote for the former.—The Illinois Democrats have decided to wait the issue of the Democratic Convention before endorsing the doings at Cincinnati.—Theodore Tilton has adorned his head with a white campaign hat.—Ex-President Johnson regards as preposterous the proposition for the Democratic party to support the Cincinnati nominee.—Messrs. Morton and Blaine deny that they have ever thought of being candidates for the Presidency.—The New York *Herald* has fully committed itself to the re-nomination of President Grant.—The Alabama Democratic State Convention is called on the 19th of June.—Grant used to set type, Colfax is an old newspaper man, while Greeley and Brown are experienced printers.—The West Licke *Volkblatt*, German organ of northwest Missouri, strongly opposes Horace Greely.—J. E. Butler of the Biddeford *Journal*, and S. T. Pullen of the Portland *Press*, are delegates to the Philadelphia convention.—The colored Republicans of New York in convention, have pledged the colored vote of New York to support the nominees of the Philadelphia convention.—The Tennessee democrats support Greeley.—Wendall Phillips says he prefers Grant to Greeley.—Hendricks, Pendleton and Voorhees, leading National Democrats, are not favorable to Horace Greeley for President, but will support him if he is endorsed by the Democratic National Convention.—S. L. Milliken of Camden, is candidate for Congress in the 5th Maine District.—New Hampshire Republicans endorse Grant.

☞ Thomas Buchanan Read, who died Saturday night, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was fifty years old. Endowed by nature with a gifted and versatile mind, he first studied sculpture and showed marked ability in this department of the Fine Arts. But leaving the mallet for the easel as being more remunerative, he removed to New York, where he became quite famous as a portrait painter.

Early in life he contributed several short poems to the leading papers, which were extensively copied and admired. His first volume of poetry appeared in 1847, in which his fugitive pieces were gathered up, and new ones added. Soon after he published his "Songs and Ballads," which found a ready sale and were popular with the young.

He also edited a volume of "Specimens of Female Poets." He went to Europe, where he spent several years and has but recently returned to this country. Arriving in New York, he was prostrated with inflammation of the lungs of which he died after a brief illness, as before stated. The best known of Mr. Read's poems and one which, at the close of the war was familiar to every loyal American reader was entitled "Sheridan's Ride."

His poems are very popular in England, and the *London Quarterly* pronounced "The Closing Scene" to be the best American poem.

METEOROLOGICAL. Mr. W. W. Moulton, of Concord, Me., has kept a record of the number of storms and amount of snow fall between Oct. 20, 1871, and April 1, 1872, and sends us the result as follows:

Number of storms twenty-three.

Oct. 10,	P. M.,	5	inches	dry snow.
Nov. 10,	P. M.,	4	"	"
Nov. 16,	A. M. and P. M.,	6½	"	damp "
Nov. 24,	"	9	"	" "
Dec. 7,	"	2½	"	dry "
Dec. 12,	P. M.,	1½	"	" "
Dec. 14,	"	3	"	" "
Dec. 18,	"	7	"	" "
Dec. 23,	A. M.,	5½	"	damp "
Dec. 27,	"	4½	"	dry "
Dec. 31,	"	2½	"	—— hail.
Jan. 4,	"	5½	"	damp snow.
Jan. 17,	P. M.,	2	"	" "
Jan. 20,	A. M.,	7½	"	" "
Feb. 3 & 4,	A. M. & P. M.,	14	"	" "
Feb. 14,	" "	6½	"	" "
Mar. 5,	"	5½	"	" "
Mar. 11,	P. M.,	3½	"	damp "
Mar. 15,	A. M.	3	"	dry "
Mar. 19,	"	3½	"	" "
Mar. 23,	"	4	"	" "
Mar. 31,	P. M.,	3	"	damp "
Apr. 1,	"	3	"	" "

Amounting to nine feet and four inches.

☞ We were favored on Monday by a call from Hon. A. H. Abbott, one of the sufferers by the late fire in South China. He informed us that a public meeting was held at the school house on Saturday evening for the purpose of adopting such measures as may be necessary to obtain aid for rebuilding the village. Remarks were made by several of the citizens. The chair read a letter from C. G. Thwing of Washington D. C., stating that a subscription had been started and Maine men were contributing liberally. He also read a letter from Hon. James G. Blaine, which enclosed a draft for one hundred dollars.

A committee of five was raised, consisting of Eli Jones, G. B Chadwick, Geo. F. Clark, Ebenezer Meigs and E. C. Dudley, to receive subscriptions and apportion the same among those who will rebuild or replace the property destroyed by the late fire. We have no doubt the work of rebuilding will begin at an early day.

☞ S. K. Worth of East Vassalboro', informs us that he has two French crowns, of the coinage of 1726 and 1732, and asks the question, why an American dollar of the coinage of 1773 is valued at $300. We are not sufficiently well versed in the science of numismatics, to give our correspondent a definite answer. We only know that there are some persons, who have a mania for collecting coins, and that rare specimens very often bring great prices. We believe there is a price current established among collectors and dealers for coins bearing certain dates, which are very scarce, but we do not know what those prices are. Of course the intrinsic value of a coin, is simply what it represents, and when a greater sum is offered, it is by a collector of coins and on account of its rarity. V. D. Parris, Esq., of Paris, Maine, has a very large collection of rare coins and medals, and is able to give all needed information to those who have any which they wish to dispose of.

☞ The P. M. General has issued a circular requesting that all letters, in addition to the town and State, shall bear the name of the county in which the town is situated. This is almost impracticable, from the fact that letter writers are much better acquainted with the names of the towns in this country than with the counties. We presume there are many persons who write letters to Boston, New York, Albany, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, who could not tell the name of the county in which either of these places is situated. This knowledge can only be obtained by study and practice. But it would be an excellent idea for every one who writes a letter to put in the county as well as the town with the date. In this way we would soon become familiar with the counties where our correspondents reside, and would, in a short time, be able to comply with the requirements of the Post Office Department.

☞ A call has been issued signed by the Presidents of the several Reform Clubs in Maine, for a convention to be held at Meonian Hall in this city on the 5th day of June next at 4 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of forming a State organization, the object of which is to give uniformity in the pledge and constitution throughout the State and to advise and counsel together as to the best means of promoting the cause and disseminating the principles of total abstinence throughout the land.

Editor's Table.

ROBERT PETERS, or Could He Forgive Him. By Percy Curtiss. Boston: Graves & Ellis.

This juvenile of 356 pages, is a well told story, and has an excellent moral. It tells how Richard Peters was a boy possessed of many noble traits, but of a violent, ungovernable temper, which was always getting him into trouble, and made him the terror of all the boys in school. How, being insulted by one of his schoolmates, he fought with him, and the boy stumbled and fell, striking his head upon a stone, and lay senseless. Richard, thinking he was dead, ran away, and after many adventures, shipped on board a whaler. It describes how the vessel in which he sailed was captured by pirates, what he witnessed and what he suffered, what heroic deeds he accomplished, and how they finally succeeded in recapturing the ship. How all these hardships softened his temper, and he came out as gold tried by fire. At length he came home, and found that the boy was not killed, but only stunned, and soon recovered. Richard was reconciled with him, and all his old schoolmates, and grew up to be a good citizen. There are other good characters in the story, among whom the sister of Richard, who was always his good genius, is the best. The style of composition is chaste, though somewhat diffuse, and the characters are artistically drawn.

The May number of the *Maine Journal of Education*, edited by Prof. E. W. Hall of Colby University is at hand. The leading article by the editor, is entitled, "Geometry in Grammar Schools," and contains some excellent hints. J. W. Lang contributes a sensible article on "Reading," Miss Eliza H. Morton, has a short but pertinent article on "How to Teach Spelling." The editor favorably reviews that part of Supt. Johnson's Report, which relates to the abolition of the district system: The following is an enumeration of some of the obstacles in the way of greater efficiency of our schools under the district system: Insufficient and constant change of supervision; poorly qualified and constant change of teachers; lack of interest in school on the part of parents; employment of relatives and favorites without regard to qualifications; too small and too short schools, in many districts; poor school-houses; employment of incompetent teachers in small districts, etc. A change to the town system would remedy all these evils, and in addition would dispense with a large number of school officers, prevent strife about district lines, establish a uniform rate of taxation, tend to diminish neighborhood quarrels, &c., &c. Several other original articles with extracts, &c., go to make up a valuable number.

We have received No. 3 of Vol. 19 of the "Fine Arts," "A Journal of the Polite World," published by the Fine Arts Publishing Company, New York. It is printed on fine paper and in quarto form, which enables them to publish large engravings. The engravings in this number are "Christ Healing the Sick" from the original Rembrandt, and "From Shifting Shade to Sunshine Pass," by James M. Hart. Either of these engravings for framing is richly worth the price of the number. Among the leading articles are "The First Masters," "Notes on American Sculpture," "Art Treasure of New York," "Ostracism of Actors," "Manufactured Old Masters" "False Sculpture in the Capital at Washington," etc. Price $5.00 dollars a year, or 50 cents a number.

THE OUTLOOK. The second number of this new magazine has just made its appearance. It is a model of typographical neatness, and the articles, upon interesting subjects, are carefully selected. Chiefly eclectic in its contents, it seeks to lay before its readers the most valuable articles within its reach. In the present number we have the "Political Disabilities of Women," "Won and Lost," "The Justerdal Glaciers in Norway," besides Poetry, Literary Items, &c. Published at the low price of $2.00 per year, by Selden Gilbert, Chicago, Ill.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for the week ending May 11, contains articles entitled "Kidnapping in the South Seas," "English Civil Wars," "The Jews as Politicians," with a continuation of the serials, Miscellany, &c. Published weekly by Littell & Gay, Boston, at $8.00 per annum.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAINE HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY. The Society met at the Common Council Room, in this city, Thursday forenoon at 11 o'clock, at which time an informal meeting was held, the President, Dr. J. B. Bell of Augusta, in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary, Dr. W. M. Payne of Bath, was made Secretary pro tem.

The records of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following committees were announced by the chair:

On Treasurer's account—Thompson, Burr and Eaton.

On Nominations—Briery, Clark, and N. G. H. Pulsifer.

The committee appointed to investigate charges against Dr. Nathan Wiggin of Rockland, reported through its chairman, Dr. E. Clark of Portland, reinstating him to membership in the society.

Dr. Wiggin was allowed to make an explanation. The charges preferred against him were for intemperance.

Dr. Wiggin then requested that he be permitted to honorably withdraw from the Society and his request was granted.

The following persons joined the Society: J. L. Babcock, M. D., Hallowell; Wm. Waters, M. D., Searsport; Thomas B. Pulsifer, M. D., Ellsworth; Olin M. Drake, M. D., Ellsworth.

Dr. Bell offered the following resolve, which was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Society there should be an immediate publication of a full and complete Homœopathic Materia Medica, and that such an one will meet with the active endouragement of this Society and the profession.

Thursday evening a very able address was delivered by Dr. Bell, on the Helps and Hindrances to the Progress of Homœopathy.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. P. Jeffords, M. D., of Bangor. Vice Presidents, Moses Dodge, M. D. of Portland, N. G. H. Pulsifer, M. D., of Waterville. Recording Secretary, W. E. Payne, M. D., of Bath. Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Bell, M. D., of Augusta. Treasurer, W. Gallupe, M. D., of Bangor.

The following committees were announced for the ensuing year: Materia Medica—Moses Dodge, M. D., Portland; C. A. Cochrane, M. D., Winthrop; Geo. A. Clark. M. D., Portland. Clinical Medicine—W. E. Payne, M. D., Bath; R. R. Williams, M. D., Gardiner; G. M. Drake, M. D., Ellsworth. Surgery—F. W. Payne, M. D., Bath; S. M. Boynton, M. D., Rockland; J. B. Bell, M. D., Augusta. Obstetrics—C. H. Burr, M. D., Portland; W. L. Thompson, M. D., Augusta; I. S. Hall, M. D., Gardiner. Publications—W. E. Payne, M. D., Bath; C. H. Burr, M. D., Portland.

A vote of thanks was extended to the city council of Augusta, for use of room for meetings, and to the committee of arrangements for courtesies received.

The next annual meeting will be holden in Bath, on the third Tuesday in May, 1873.

SUICIDE. The man who was recently found near La Grange, Tenn., with his throat cut, was A. F. Still, a son of Mr. John Still, of Pittston. A letter received by his relatives contains the particulars of his death, and the fact that he committed suicide while in a despondent state of mind. He was about 40 years of age and leaves a wife and one child in Natick, Mass.

OLD CITIZENS. Five persons were recently seen in one group in Saccarappa, whose united ages amounted to 411 years. They were Peter Libby, aged 84; Montgomery Anderson, 84; Daniel Cloudman, 84; Zachariah Brackett, 83, and Frederick Procter, 76.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our State.—No. 2.

OSONO, May 11, 1872.

The recent rains here have caused the face of nature to assume a smiling aspect, and planting operations are in brisk progress and dry enough to cultivate. The season opens here, with fine promise for a fair hay crop.

Messrs. Walker & Co., owners of the famous Basin Mills here, have recently opened a brick yard to manufacture the brick to be used in building a large woolen mill, to be located on their property. A cabinet factory is also proposed, and will probably be erected. A fine bridge with railroad track has been built the past season to the large island in the river, and several good houses have been erected there. The dam across the river from the east side to the headland of the island, affords a first class water power, which it is hoped will be fully improved in the future. Stone, Mayo, Snow & Co., commenced running their new steam mill last July. They have purchased 1,750 acres of lumber land in Bradley, and last winter employed forty men and twenty two horse teams, in cutting and hauling wood from their lot to the mill to be manufactured into spool wood, excelsior, pill boxes, pail handles &c. They intend to manufacture their spool wood into spools as soon as they can obtain the machinery. I was shown a fine quality of excelsior made by a new machine invented by Mr. Mayo, for which he has applied for a patent. Johnson & Co., also have a large new steam mill in the immediate vicinity, turning out large lots of shovel handles and long and short lumber of all kinds.

Two miles from here, at Upper Stillwater village, Messrs. Hamblen & Lancaster have just completed a first class steam mill at a cost of $80,000. A branch railroad to the mill connecting with the E. & N. A. here, is very nearly completed when the mill will be put in operation. The size of the mill is 75 feet by 110 and slate roofed. The engine house is brick, 30 feet by 40 with iron doors and roof, and rendered completely fire proof. The engine is 150 horse power, for which 9 large boilers 35 feet long and 3 feet in diameter, furnish the steam. The mill will turn out about $150,000 worth of lumber per year, and require 50 men to run it. There is surplus power and room for other manufacture besides long and short lumber, which the proprietors intend to utilize.

Messrs. Lewis & Porter's steam mill, which commenced running last summer, is located within a few rods of this one. They manufacture shingles, staves and heading. Building will be quite brisk there this season. Eli Bigby has sold five house lots lately, and all the purchasers will build this season. A village school house costing $5,000, will also be erected. A fine view of the Agricultural College building about one and a half miles distant is obtained from here, and the college students have a fine view of Upper Stillwater. They stand in high esteem here among the people, for their studious habits and correct deportment. A laudable pride may justly be indulged in improvement and progress generally, as a stand still or retrograde movement, is not in harmony with any of nature's laws or the best desires of any one.

I was much interested in looking over the works of the Brower Brick Co., recently. This company was organized and everything put in readiness for operation in 1870. In 1871 they manufactured four and one half millions of brick, some of which from their quality and beautiful color, are worth in market $30 per thousand. They are now turning out, at the rate of 40,000 per day. The prepared clay is hauled from the grinding machine operated by steam power, from which issues a line of pressed clay which has been driven through a moulding machine. This is received upon a sliding platform, and cut off by a revolving knife in perfect brick length, at the rate of over 60 a minute. There are 8 canvass covered sheds, each 200 feet long by 24 feet in width, which give perfect protection in all kinds of weather. The kiln yards for burning, occupy the entire line of the head of the wharf which is 400 feet long. Here 2,500 cords of edgings are consumed annually. All the operations and arrangements are designed for labor saving; order and system are finely illustrated throughout the works, which are now yielding large profits to the owners who find a market for their brick, from Maine to Texas. Forty men are here employed, who labor eleven hours per day. V. D.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Tribute to Dr. Brickett.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As you never busy yourselves with discussing your neighbor's affairs, I feel a little delicacy about requesting a place in your columns in which to express my opinion of a matter which is creating no little sensation in society; but since what I am about to say is not derogatory, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words concerning the will of the late Mrs. Davidson, which many think such a strange bequest.

I think "the finger of God is in it." To me it seems the fulfillment of the promise of the Almighty, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Certainly the recipient of this generous legacy from an estimable woman, has cast his bread upon the waters with a liberal hand.

Not only in days of prosperity, but always since when a poor young man, he received his diploma and started out to heal the sick, has this young man appeared conscious of the truth that "Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and he is now receiving some compensation for his kindness to the Lord's poor. The poor have ever found in him a friend; for whenever humanity calls for aid he never stops to question whether he will ever receive any pay for his services or not; and the calls of the poor are often responded to with more promptness than those of the opulent. I know many poor girls dependent on their own exertions for a living, whom the Doctor has attended during a long illness, supplying medicine, and listening patiently to all their complaints, replying, when the patient expressed her fears that she could never pay him for his attendance, "Do not worry about that, I shall get my pay—I am getting it every day. Get well as fast as you can; and if you wish to see me before I come again send for me." And to the remark that she did not like to trouble him, he replied with a cheerful smile: "Oh, you are no trouble. I want to see you well again; don't fret."

A little boy fancied in his last illness that Dr. Brickett could lift him more gently than any one else, and every day the Doctor visited the little child and took him tenderly in his arms and soothed him, while his bed was being made. And not until our Heavenly Father called the little sufferer where there is no more sorrow or crying, neither any more pain, did this tender-hearted man cease to perform this act of kindness for the only child of a poor woman who was too poor to pay him one dollar for medical aid. Often during the long hours of a cold stormy night, has the Doctor's horse stood before the door of a humble dwelling while his master watched beside the sick couch of a suffering inmate, too poor to reward him with anything save a pressure of the hand and a fervent "God bless you, sir," while tears of gratitude rolled down the pallid cheek.

When in a medical convention the Doctor gives an account of a surgical operation skillfully performed by himself, he never says this was a *charity patient*, yet I know many are. In all our long acquaintance my friend has never alluded to his kindness to the poor, and would be seriously vexed should I call it charity. I might relate similar incidents in the every day life of my friend, but think those already narrated will serve to give the reader some idea of the character of the man to whom the daughter of the venerable and highly esteemed Judge Weston has bequeathed her wealth.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Items of Maine News.

A portion of the iron works at Pembroke has been obliged to suspend for want of sand.

Rev. Daniel Austin of Kittery has just given $10,000 to Austin Academy at Center Stafford, N. H.

The *Chronicle* says that the farmers in that section are going largely into corn growing the present season.

Mr. J. H. Jacobs of Thomaston, has received the appointment of mail agent on the Knox and Lincoln route.

The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment I. O. of O. F. will hold its annual meeting in Lewiston, August next.

The shoe factory in Rockland is in successful operation. The number of hands to be employed when in full operation will be from 175 to 200.

Gen. James A. Hall has been engaged to deliver the oration at Newburyport, Memorial day.

E. H. Lawry and Herbert Lovejoy, two enterprising young men of Rockland, are building eight dwelling houses at Carver's Harbor, Vinalhaven.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Missions of the Diocese of Maine, will be held in Grace church, Bath, beginning on Tuesday, May 21st.

The Grand Trunk railroad bridge at South Paris was burned at 11:30 Tuesday forenoon. It caught from an engine.

The alumni of Colby University will hold their annual festival at Young's Hotel on the 24th, at 6 P. M. Ladies are invited.

Mr. Ansel Tucker, the veteran conductor on the Boston and Maine road, having sold his hotel at Dover, is to become a resident of Portland, it is said.

It is expected that the Maine Central railroad bridge at Topsham will be finished sufficiently for the regular passage of trains by the first of next month.

The *American* says it is currently reported that Capt. D. F. Bunker, of schooner Wreath, of Franklin, has sailed clandestinely from some domestic port to parts unknown.

Franklin S. Fales, of Freeman, committed suicide Saturday morning by cutting his throat with a razor. He leaves a wife and two children. Cause, temporary insanity.

The House has passed the following appropriations for fortifications in Portland Harbor—Fort Gorges, $20,000; Fort Preble, $42,000; Fort Scammel, Portland Head, $50,000.

The Secretary of War has recommended the appropriation of $120,000 for the erection of a military post at Beaver city, Utah, 200 miles south of Salt Lake city.

Boothbay made in 1871, 454,000 gallons of menhaden oil, and 2,300 tons of guano. Sold for $187,900. This amount was taken from the water and turned into cash.

Of 220 indictments returned by the Cumberland Grand Jury on Saturday, the *Press* says 180 were liquor selling. Among the parties indicted were the proprietors of the Falmouth and Adams houses.

The late Colonel Paran Stevens, of New York, recently purchased for $150,000, Campobello Island, near Eastport, Me., and had commenced the erection on it of an immense hotel for summer resort.

N. G. Hichborn has contracted to build a coasting schooner of 60 tons for the Cobb Line Co. of Rockland, and the workmen are now cutting the frame.

The first meeting of the corporators of the Bangor & Calais Shore Line railroad company will be held in the town hall, at Cherryfield, on Wednesday, the 29th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.

Three million feet of pine lumber is now being rafted down the Sheepscot. It comes from Alna and Whitefield, and most of it goes to Gardiner, on the Kennebec, where it sells from $13 to $16 per thousand.

Hon. Virgil D. Parris has sold a lot opposite J. W. Whitten's house in Buckfield village, to the town of Buckfield, upon which to erect a shoe factory building.

Patents were issued May 5th to the following citizens of Maine: Thomas B. Brown, Fairfield, for pulley block; Erastus Lane, Oldtown, for car coupling; Edward Fuller, Biddeford, for scissors sharpener; Clark Osgood, Cape Elizabeth, for street scraper; Granville M. Stevens, Portland, for mitreing machine.

Mr. Rogers, the defaulting cashier of the bank at Brunswick, suffers very poor health in the prison at Thomaston. The warden recently informed Mrs. Rogers of the condition of her husband, and she is now visiting him. Mr. Rogers is sixty-three years of age.

The *Press* says that Mr. George A. Jones of Portland has effected an engagement with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, to give a series of readings in various parts of the State during the coming fall and winter.

The new French Catholic church at Lewiston is to be 120 by 60 feet on the ground. It is to be built of brick, in gothic style. St. Joseph's Catholic church has become too small to accommodate the society and it is thought that the Catholics will build a new church next season.

Dr. Perkins of Berwick, who took sixty grains of morphine Wednesday, while in a partial state of insanity, died the next morning after lingering twenty-two hours. He has been in the habit of eating opium in small quantities for many years.

The shipment of boots and shoes from Lewiston and Auburn, the past week, have been 1551 cases, to 1551 cases for the previous week. The shoe shipments are still increasing, the last week's being the largest of any yet.

Our charming Maine *cantatrice* Miss Carey, has abandoned her proposed trip to Europe this summer and will remain until next September when she will again form one in the "bouquet of artists," that Strakosch is collecting for his winter operatic campaign.

The following members of the senior class of Bowdoin College, having taken the highest stand in oratory and themes, have been selected to compete for the '68 prize: J. G. Abbott, T. L. Gross, H. Harris, H. M. Heath, J. S. Richards and H. Wilder. The exhibition will take place June 3d.

Mr. B. R. Bryant of Locke's Mills, sawed (on a bet) one and one-fourth cords of hard wood in two hours and twenty-five minutes. The wood was four feet long, unsplit, and averaged from four to twelve inches in diameter, each stick sawed twice.

Mr. James H. Ecob of Sidney Plains, New York, now a student at Andover, has accepted the call of the South Parish in this city, to become their pastor. He will close his studies at the Seminary in June, and will be ordained pastor of the church here about the first of October.

Messrs. A. B. Crockett and F. H. Holmes have started a trout raising establishment at "Ice Spring" pond, Norway, Me. They now have under process of hatching, about 21,550 salmon, 20,000 lake trout, and about 20,000 brook trout. The loss of eggs is about five per cent.

We learn that there is a probability that the noted Provincial trotting horses "Crown Prince" and "Andy Johnson" will be present at the State fair in this city next September to compete for the general sweepstakes prize open fo all horses, offered by the Trustees of the State Agricultural Society.

Launched from the yard of A. Richardson, in Ellsworth, on the 25th ult., schooner Fred C. Holden, of 155 tons burden. Owned by S. A. Holden & Co., Tremont, Brooks, Joy & Co., Ellsworth, Fred Flye & Co., New York, and other parties in Tremont, also by Capt. John Verrill, Jr., who is to command her.

Wednesday morning the body of Mr. Jonathan Banks was found in the Drew Brook, near Leeds Junction. He got up early that morning and went out without making a fire. Not returning for some time his wife ascertained that he was not about the premises and got some neighbors to search for him. Going to the brook they found his hat and coat hung up and the body in the brook.

A large bear visited three farms in Balleyville last week, from each of which he succeeded in abstracting a sheep. His last visit was to the farm of Hon. C. R. Whidden. He is undoubtedly the same animal that committed depredations in that locality last fall. The citizens of Balleyville are determined to be troubled by him no longer, and have made arrangements for his destruction.

Friday evening President Anderson, and Hon.

Foreign News.

Latest from Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, May 8. The city papers this afternoon announce that a number of forged drafts, purporting to have been drawn by Sewall & Nephew of Manchester, on the Union Bank of London, which were negotiated in the United States, have made their appearance here.

London papers generally assert that the re-election of President Grant is doubtful if he persists in keeping the claims for indirect damages before the Geneva tribunal.

London, May 9. A grand banquet was given last evening in St. James Hall, in honor of the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Literary Fund in 1790 by David Williams, an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin. Five hundred persons were present, nearly all distinguished in the world of letters. The King of the Belgians presided, and many very interesting addresses were made. Hon. J. V. Pruyn of Albany, N. Y., spoke in acknowledgement of a toast to "The literature of other countries," and in his remarks expressed the strongest hope for the speedy settlement of the International Copyright question.

The Great Western Telegraph Company, which intends laying a telegraph cable from New York to England by way of Bermuda, has paid the Messrs. Hooper, who are manufacturing the cable, the first installment £100,000.

London, May 10. In Parliament to-night Earl Granville in the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons promised that a statement of the condition of the negotiations will be made on Monday next whether the papers are received or not.

May 13. The London Standard this morning in an article on the approaching Presidential contest in America, is quite severe in its denunciation of President Grant, accusing him of nepotism, jobbery and improper use of military in the administration of civil affairs.

France.

Paris, May 8. The speech of Duke de Audiffret Pasquier in the National Assembly on Saturday, wherein he pointed out the abuses practiced in the army by contractors, has created a great sensation in government circles. Rouher has given notice that he will question the Government on the 15th relative to the measures taken to reform the alleged abuses.

Paris, May 9. The Commission on Capitulations exonerates the officer who commanded at Montmedy at the time of surrender, from all blame, although they censure him for failing to destroy the war material in the fortifications.

The Commission report that the garrison of Amiens at the time it capitulated was not of sufficient numbers to withstand the attacks of the enemy, and they therefore acquit General Lafere, who commanded there, of the charges made against him.

Marshal Bazaine has taken a residence at Versailles, where he holds himself ready for whatever disposition the Government sees fit to make of his case. It is probable he will be arrested soon.

May 13. The Municipal Council of Paris has voted to favor the construction of tramways throughout the city.

Spain.

Paris, May 8. The Legitimist journals here insist that the battle of Oroquieta was not decisive of the fate of the Carlist rising.

Don Carlos writes on the 6th inst. to the Duchess of Madrid that the prospects were excellent; that he could announce good news, but refrained, from prudential motives.

Evening. The latest news received here by the friends of Don Carlos that he has from 7000 to 8000 men in Biscay, well armed and well supplied with provision and munitions. Elio commands the Carlist forces in Navarre and Tristany the in Catalonia.

Paris, May 10. The Carlists report that their greatest strength in Spain is in the province of Biscay, and news of an attack on Bilboa is expected daily.

Don Carlos has succeeded in joining his partisans.

The Republicans are as yet quiet.

There are 1200 insurgents in the province of Gerona and 400 in that of Serida.

It is reported that the Spanish Government is displeased at the action of France in allowing the retreating Carlists to escape into French territory, and the Government of Versailles will be questioned relative thereto.

Germany.

Berlin, May 8. Emperor William will soon go to Ems to drink of its waters.

Prince Bismarck retires to his estate and will abstain from active participation in affairs for several months.

The Provincial Correspondenz reports that the Pope declines to receive Prince Hohenlohe as Embassador from Germany, and pronounces the action of the Holy Father as striking evidences of his want of appreciation of Germany's friendliness and disposition to conciliate.

Mexico.

Headquarters of Trevino's Forces, Reynosa, May 6. A visit to this camp shows the cause of the delay to attack Matamoras. Whatever the original force Trevino's army was, he has now only 11 pieces of artillery, 700 infantry and 400 cavalry. The balance has deserted and scattered. His army is completely demoralized and destitute. A majority of his officers are shoeless and dismounted, their animals being unable to walk. The men, without pay or food, are stealing and begging. The country is cleaned of horses, cattle and small stock, and the whole army is afraid of Cevallo's pursuing.

The Dominion.

Ingersoll, Canada, May 8. A fire last night destroyed nearly the entire business part of this town. Two men were burned to death. Among the suffers are the Niagara District Bank, the Chronicle office, Exchange Hotel, and all the principal dry goods and grocery stores. Loss estimated at a half a million.

Ottawa, Ont., May 8. In consequence of the signing the tea and coffee tariff repeal bill by President Grant, the Canadian Government propose that from the first of July next the duties on those articles imported into the Dominion be repealed, and will, on Friday, move for permission to do so.

Halifax, May 10. The American schooner Olivet, from Bridgeport May 1st, boarded 150 miles from Cape Ann, a schooner from Yarmouth, but could only make out two letters of her name—"E. H." She almost under water, and had her masts lying across the deck. Two dead bodies were found in the cabin, which were buried by the crew of the Olivet. The schooner found is supposed to be the Bessie Gardner, of Yarmouth, which has been missing for some time.

Toronto, Ont., May 13. The remaining two stores of the block known as "Iron Block," which escaped the recent conflagration, were consumed yesterday, together with the planing mills of J. B. Smith in the rear. A great deal of valuable machinery was destroyed. Total loss about $150,000.

West Indies.

New York, May 13. A letter from Havana states that six of the students condemned to the chain gang for desecrating the grave of Castanon, made their escape in an English steamer.

It is said that great numbers of Spaniards are leaving Cuba for Spain, every departing steamer being crowded.

MARRIAGE OF A PORTLAND LADY ABROAD. The correspondent of the New York Mail, resident in Florence, Italy, gives the following account of the wedding of Miss Henrietta Dyer, daughter of Alfred Dyer of Portland, to the son of Powers, the celebrated American sculptor:

"The bright side of our picture, however, has been in marriage between Mr. Preston Powers and Miss Henrietta W. Dyer. The bridegroom is a son of the sculptor, and is the only one of his children who has inherited enough of his father's artistic nature to induce him to take up the same profession. He is, in fact, working in the "Powers Studio," and has completed several works of much merit that give good promise for the future. The bride's parents gave her a very handsome wedding, thoroughly American in all its arrangements. The church was literally a "Floral Hall." The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Chauncey Landon. The choir sang with much feeling, and the friends assisted as usual both with smiles and tears. One would almost think that it was laid down in the rubric for the bride to come in looking pale and go out blushing, for so it always is. On this occasion we must confess that the collected manner and hearty "I will" of both parties was delightfully refreshing. The reception at the house of Mrs. Ibbotson, daughter, of Mr. Hiram Powers, was a feast of delicacies served in floral bowers."

MESSRS. EDITORS: "I have no personal interest in the Nishwitz Pulverizing Harrow," says one of our most successful farmers; "except that I have used one two seasons, giving it several tests by putting part of some pieces of grain in with this and part with other cultivators and harrows, and found I got in every case about one quarter more grain where I used the Nishwitz Pulverizer. It is worth as much more for corn or potatoes. Mine pays for itself every year. A MAINE FARMER.

Congressional Summary.

XLIId Congress--Second Session.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.

SENATE. On motion of Mr. Hamilton the Secretary of the Navy was requested to furnish the Senate with copies of the report and maps of the survey of the Isthmus of Darien.

Mr. Wilson from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported without amendment the House bill authorizing the issue of 1000 rifled breech loaders and ammunition to the authorities of Montana for the defence of the settlers against the Indians.

Mr. Nye's election bill for Washington and Idaho Territories was reconsidered and passed.

The post-office appropriation bill was passed with Mr. Nye's amendment, pending yesterday.

HOUSE. The House took up the supplementary apportionment bill increasing the aggregate number of 283 representatives as fixed by the apportionment law of this session to 292, the additional nine being given to New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama and Florida—to be elected by separate district except for the 43d Congress, when they may be elected on the general ticket.

The bill was passed without discussion.

The South Carolina contested election case was taken up and Mr. Wallace, the sitting member, was declared entitled to the seat and the contestant allowed $2,154 for his expenses.

The bill before the House at adjournment last evening to enable honorably discharged soldiers, their widows and orphans to acquire homesteads on public lands came up first in order and was recommitted.

The House bill providing that all retired officers of the army shall be retired at their actual, not brevet rank, and with the pay prescribed for retired officers of the same rank in the regular army; the opposition being on the ground that it was intended to apply to existing cases instead of being confined to the future.

At the close of the discussion, Mr. Hale moved an amendment that the bill do not apply to the case of officers heretofore retired under provisions of the law, which was negatived and the bill passed.

The Senate amendment to House bill providing that minors shall not be enlisted without the consent of their friends or guardians was concurred in.

The Senate bill to prohibit the retention of soldiers discharges or land warrants by claim agents and attorneys was passed with out amendment. The Senate bill to enable the President to appoint a Paymaster General of the army was adopted and gave rise to considerable discussion on the point whether this bill should be amended by making the Paymaster General rank that of Colonel. The amendment was agreed to and the bill passed. The House adjourned.

THURSDAY, May 9.

SENATE. The Goat Island bill was read a second time.

Mr. Stewart moved to refer it to the Pacific Railroad Committee, and Mr. Cole to the Military Committee.

These motions were pending at the expiration of the morning hour, when the amnesty bill came up as unfinished business.

Mr. Sumner then moved his civil rights bill as an amendment merely. Yeas 28 nays 28. The Vice-President voted in the affirmative so the amendment was agreed to.

Several other minor amendments were made when the question was taken on the bill as amended, and defeated 32 to 22, not two-thirds voting.

HOUSE. Without further action the House went into Committee of the Whole on tariff and tax bill.

There was quite a struggle on the duty on chicory root. Mr. Banks' amendment to make the duty two cents per pound was rejected and that of one cen per pound, by Mr. Kelly, was agreed to. It was modified to read: On chicory root ground or unground, 1 cent per pound.

FRIDAY, May 10.

SENATE. Tuesday evening next is assigned for the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Public Buildings, reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase a site at Fall River, Mass., for the United States public building, not to cost more than $20,000.

A bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase a site for the United States public buildings at Rockland, Me., and appropriating $25,000 was passed.

A bill was passed authorizing the issue of 1000 breech-loading arms to the inhabitants of Montana for the defence against the Indians.

HOUSE. Mr. Patten of New York, from the Judicial Committee, reported a bill, taking away the Circuit Court jurisdiction of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Georgia, and creating a Circuit in that District. Passed.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, on the fortification bill. It appropriates $1,985,000 for, including $156,000 for Portland, Me., $191,500 for Boston; $85,000 for Newport and $267,000 for New York. The bill was passed.

The House then took up the tariff and tax bill in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Dawes' motion to strike out line "on pig iron $6" so as to let it come under the general ten per cent. reduction clause was agreed to—yeas 84, nays 82.

The committee rose after having disposed of but a single line.

MONDAY, May 13.

SENATE. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill giving a New York company the exclusive right to work an iron mine at West Point.

Mr. Trumbull offered as an amendment the first section of the House general amnesty bill.

Mr. Nye moved to amend the amendment by adding the section, requiring that before any person can take the benefit of the amnesty he must swear he has not for two years had any connection with any Ku Klux organization. Adopted—yeas 26, nays 24.

Mr. Sumner gave notice that if the amnesty bill should added to the pending measure he would move his civil rights bill as a further amendment.

No further action was taken on the bill or amendments.

Bills passed: Granting a pension of $2000 per annum to the widow of Admiral Farragut; for relief of the widow of C. H. Pendleton, late of the navy; granting ten years additional service on the active list to Lt. Commander Wm. H. Cushing for the capture of the rebel ram Albemarle.

HOUSE. Among the numerous bills introduced and referred were the following: By Mr. W. R. Roberts of New York, directing the President to intercede with the Canadian authorities fer the discharge of Fenian prisoners; by Mr. Brooks of New York, to establish an iron ship building yard on the waters falling in the Atlantic and another on the Mississippi or one of its tributaries, and to afford facilities to the navy.

Mr. Voorhees (dem.) of Indiana, rising to a personal explanation, submitted a paragraph from the Washington Republican, to the effect that he was halting and hesitating on the question of supporting Greely, and as all his Democratic colleagues were said to be in favor of Greeley, he was likely to loose the favor of the district, where his voice was so long potential. He declared that he did not halt or hesitate as to the candidate of the Cincinnati Convention. Whoever believed in his high protective tariff principles might support him, but he (Voorhees) would not. Others might do as they liked, but it was better to be right than to succeed. He protested against the right to transfer the Democrats of the country to a camp where there was nothing belonging to them.

Mr. Butler, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill removing political disabilities from all persons who were engaged in the late rebellion, except Senators and Representatives in the 36th and 37th Congresses, officers in the judicial, military and naval service of the U. S., and heads of Departments, and foreign Ministers of the U. S.

The bill passed by the requisite two-thirds vote and without a division.

Mr. Butler also reported a bill removing political disabilities from some 25,000 persons by name, which was also passed.

On motion of Mr. Donnan of Iowa, all debate on the tariff bill was ordered closed at 3 o'clock next Thursday, by a vote of 127 to 59.

TUESDAY, May 14.

SENATE. The following bills were passed: granting a right of way to the Davenport & St. Paul Railway—providing a more effective system of quarantine for the Southern and Gulf States—to authorize the Secretary of War to accept the peninsula in lake Erie opposite Erie, Pa. To amend the act to regulate the foreign coasting trade on the northern, northeastern and north-western frontier. For the better preservation of harbors, havens, channels of navigable rivers and navigable waters in the United States.

HOUSE. The Speaker presented a letter announcing the resignation of Mr. Brooks of Massachusetts. Several pension bills and a bill codifying the pension laws were passed.

OUTRAGES BY ARMY OFFICERS. Capt. Sanger of the 17th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Suely, Dakota, has been tried by Court Martial for seduction and abortion which caused the death of his victim; also for conspiracy in having Capt. Donovan, of the same Regiment, sent to an Insane Asylum, because he (Donovan) knew of Sanger's guilt. Sanger has not been sentenced, but will doubtless be disgraced and imprisoned. Surgeon Goddard of the 17th is to be tried on the charge of abortion and conspiracy in the same case.

LABOR STRIKES. Another illustration of the tyranny of ignorant laborers, when they are on a strike is shown in the trouble at the East River caisson. The strikers threaten to kill any man who attempts to work at the present rate of wages. Nor are these threats mere idle boasting. Many of the men appear to be thoroughly bad characters, actuated by malice and ready to commit any violence. Wednesday they stood in groups around the entrance to the works, and loudly proclaimed their determination to kill any man who dared to accept an engagement. Thursday they had been driven away by the police, but still loiter in the various liquor saloons in the neighborhood.

Such is the terror inspired by the strike that only four men could be found bold enough to go to work, although there are many whose families are in great need, and who are most anxious to obtain employment. Two or three instances will explain the condition of affairs. A Spaniard, a strong able-bodied man, offered his services yesterday, and was set to work. He was afraid to cross the road to get his dinner, and preferred hunger to encounter with the ruffians outside. In the evening he was sent home in charge of the police. Another man, who is in great distress, agreed to work, but was so terrified at the threats made against him that he cancelled his engagements. A third laborer was set upon by the strikers and badly beaten, but fortunately his assailants were arrested and are now in the Tombs.

Only one of the old hands continues at work, a strong and courageous man, who has made up his mind to defend himself and dare the strikers to do their worst. The company are resolved to protect in every possible way all men willing to work for them, and believe that in a few days the strikers, if they discover that their services are not indispensably necessary, will come to their senses.

MASONIC. The following subordinate officers of the Grand Lodge of were appointed at the recent meeting in Portland:

District Deputy Grand Masters, 1st District, John B. Trafton of Fort Fairfield; 2d, Wm. H. Hunter of South Lubec; 3d, Henry R. Taylor, of Machias; 4th, J. M. Nevens of Bucksport; 5th, E. B. Averill of Dover; 6th, A. B. Marston of Bangor; 7th, Mark Rollins of Albion; 8th, Henry L. Kilgore of Belfast; 9th, Thomas S. Andrews of Thomaston; 10th, Henry Farrington of Wainsboro'; 11th, W. B. Lapham of Augusta; 12th, Moses S. Mayhew of Mt. Vernon; 13th, W. R. G. Estes of Skowhegan; 14th, Joseph M. Hayes of Bath; 15th, Dura Bradford of Canton; 16th, A. S. Kimball of Waterford; 17th, George B. Taylor of Portland; 18th, Isaiah S. Webb of North Bridgton; 19th, Charles E. Weld of West Buxton.

Grand Chaplains, Rev. C. C. Vinal of Kennebunk; Rev. C. G. Porter, of Bangor; Rev. W. E. Gibbs of Portland; Rev. E. W. Murray, of Calais; Rev. Sylvanus Hayward of South Berwick; Rev. D. F. Thompson of China.

Charles I. Collamore of Bangor, Grand Marshal; A. M. Wetherbee of Warren, Sr. G. D.; Stephen J. Young of Brunswick, Jr. G. D.; Joseph W. Clapp. of Augusta, Hugh Curtis of Bowdoinham, S. J. Sandborne of East Dixmont, H. D. Smith of Portland, G. Stewards; F. B. Partridge of Augusta, G. Sword Bearer; William Tucker of Skowhegan, G. Standard Bearer; Freeman H. Chase of Orland, Isaac G. Curtis of Lewiston, Grand Pursuivants; T. J. Murray of Portland, G. Lecturer.

☞ We are gratified to learn that the House committee on the District of Columbia has decided to report a bill appropriating $200,000 for the completion of the Washington monument. There have now been expended $230-000 and about as much more will be required to complete the shaft. The cost of the whole work, including the shaft and pantheon or base, will be not far from a million and a quarter of dollars. The unfinished condition of this monument has been a subject of much unfavorable criticism by foreigners, within the the past few years, and the whole country has been not a little scandalized by it. The plan of building it by voluntary contributions has proved an entire failure. It was much like our system of internal revenue, the cost of collecting absorbed a large share of the whole amount collected.

There ought to be, and we believe there is, patriotism enough in the country to sustain Congress in making an annual appropriation for this object until the monument shall be completed.

LANDS IN THE WEST. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has now completed sufficient track to entitle it to nearly five million acres of the lands granted to it by Congress. Some three million acres of these lands in the thriving State of Minnesota the company now places on the market. They are to be sold for settlement and cultivation, and we understand that applications are already filed by actual settlers for nearly two hundred thousand acres at prices, which, while liberal to the purchaser, prove the company's land subsidy to be quite as valuable as has been claimed for it.

As these fertile acres, which shrewd farmers and experienced frontiersmen promptly buy at fair prices, are pledged for the redemption of the first mortgage bonds of the company, in addition to the road and its traffic, the solid character of these securities could hardly have a better illustration.—*Phila. Telegraph*.

☞ In the House of Commons, Monday evening, Mr. Gladstone made a speech in which he reviewed the proceedings which had been had between his government and that of the United States, with regard to the Geneva Arbitration and closed by saying that a proposition had been made by the Washington government and accepted by the English cabinet which he had no doubt would form the basis of an amicable settlement, honorable to both governments. President Grant sent a confidential message to the Senate Monday, the purport of which has not yet been made public. It is understood to contain a proposition for a supplemental treaty by which the question of international law involved in the former treaty shall be settled. If the Senate approve the new article, there is no doubt that it will result in a speedy settlement of the vexed question.

☞ The only objection made to Nishwitz Pulverizing Harrow, is that it does not leave the ground smooth enough when seeding down with grass. Before harrowing your ground the last time, spread your harrow all you can by putting the bolts in the last hole of the long cross piece. This way will leave it smooth as any harrow. The first time over your ground, in the first or second hole making it narrow as you can. This way will pulverize it better, but leaves it rough. It is but little work to shift it before going over your ground last time, then you have it all right.

ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

☞ Recently an assassin and desperado named McCarty, murdered two men in the town of Caldwell, Kansas, and escaped into the Indian Territory of course. A vigilance committee was at once organized and set out in pursuit, and overtaking the villain shot him dead. After the vigilance committee returned, Jack Lynch shot and wounded two men named Hopkins and Clark, of Wellington, and was himself wounded seriously. Lynch was arrested and placed in charge of an officer, but the facts coming to the knowledge of the vigilants they went to Wellington, distant twenty miles, took Lynch from the custody of the officers and hung him to a tree.

REAL ESTATE AND RAILROAD BONDS. The attention of those having money to invest and those who wish to increase their income from funds already invested in other securities, is called to the prospectus of the North Pacific Loan published elsewhere. The ample and tangible character of the security on which these bonds rest, is well illustrated by the fact that the company is now placing on the market a large body of its fertile lands amounting to millions of acres situated in the great State of Minnesota.

DROWNING. Saturday, as John P. Smith, aged 25 years, was between Munroe and Sheep Islands, in a large sail boat, accompanied by a younger brother, the boat struck a rock about two hnndred yards from the shore, and it immediately sank, leaving them in about five feet of water. John helped his brother to the masi-head and then swam towards the shore. When he had arrived about half way he sank and did not rise again. The boy was soon taken off, but the body of John has not been found. The boat was loaded with lobsters and bound to Rockland.

Special Notices.

How We used to be Physicked.

Who does not remember the time when spring purgation was considered indispensable to summer health? No matter for wry faces, the inevitable salts and senna, rhubarb, or colomel and jalap, must be administered. These "spring medicines," the youngsters were told, were to keep them hale and hearty during the summer. We all know now that this was a fallacy; that new vigor, not depletion, is what is required at the commencement of the summer solstice. As a preparation for the enervating effects of oppressive summer weather, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly expedient. This famous vegetable preparation has three prominent properties: It is composed exclusively of pure vegetable productions, viz: the essential principle of Monongahela Rye, and the most efficacious tonic and alterative roots, barks, and gums known to medical botanists. Hence, it is an absolutely safe medicine, and no tincture of the Pharmacopœia can compare with it either in purity, or in the variety of its objects, and its comprehensive results. Happily for mankind, the theory that it was necessary to reduce and debilitate in order to cure him, is forever exploded, and the true philosophical doctrine, that vigor is the great antagonist of disease, has taken its place. Hostetter's Bitters it an invigorant, and hence it is the proper medicine for the feeble at this most trying season of the year.

Be sure that you obtain the genuine article, as there are innumerable vile imitations in the market. Look to the ornamental stamp, the engraved label, and the name blown into the glass. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is sold in bottles only.

S. S. S. THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" is a large 40 column paper, as large as the *Ledger*. It is overflowing with splendid reading, Stories, Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Recipes, Secrets, Wit, Humor, and has TWENTY separate departments, including the celebrated "Rogues Corner," wherein are exposed ALL swindles and humbugs. It is a FIRST CLASS family paper, suitable for EVERYBODY, and every household young or old, rich or poor, *saint or sinner*, will find it SURE to please them. Ten years established; immense circulation all over America.

PRANG CHROMO. For only 75 cents you can receive the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" a whole year; and also, a superb Prang Chromo, entitled "A BOUQUET OF MOSS ROSES." This is no colored lithograph, and no humbug. It is a *genuine* "Prang Chromo," made by the Prang Company, the famous publishers of the "Banner." Remember, the Chromo alone would cost $1.50 at any art store. You can have this superb gem, EQUAL TO AN OIL PAINTING, and the "Banner" a whole year for only 75 cents. NOW IS THE TIME. Specimens 6 cents of newsmen or by mail. Address

Star Spangled Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

Keep the Hair Unblemished.—"I am like an old hemlock—withered at the top," said a venerable Indian Chief, pointing to his thin and bleaching locks. Thousands of men and women in civilized society, much younger than the old Sagamore, are like him, "withered at the top," simply because they have neglected to use the means of preserving and beautifying the hair which science had placed at their disposal. If LYON'S KATHAIRON be faithfully applied once or twice a day, to the fibres of the scalp, it is just as impossible that the hair should decay, wither, fall out or become harsh and fuzzy, as that a meadow, well irrigated with nicely timed rains, should become arid and barren of green blades. This matchless preparation not only keeps the hair alive and the skin of the head in a healthy and clean condition, but actually imparts to the filmy and delicate imparts to them a lustre, flexibility and wavy beauty unattainable by any other mode of treatment. It is, in fact, like the metallic tube to the electric fluid, the dry up the natural moisture of the scalp, but supplies nutriment to the roots of the hair and vigor to the fibers.

Castoria—is a scientific vegetable preparation; a perfect substitute for and more effective than Castor Oil, and is pleasant to take. It cleanses the system in a most remarkable manner; does not distress or gripe, but operates when all other remedies fail. It is certain to supersede Pills, Castor Oil, Narcotic Syrups and all other purgative and exciting medicines. The Castoria contains neither Minerals, Mornhine nor alcohol. By its combined, soothing effect, it assimilates the food and produces natural sleep, particularly adapting it to crying and teething children. It cures Sour Stomach, Ache, Constipation, Flatulency, Croup and kills worms. Make your Druggist send for it; he will always keep it, as every family must have it. It costs but fifty cents a bottle. 4t29

ATWOOD'S
Quinine Tonic Bitters.
THE BEST AROMATIC TONIC IN USE
FOR
Dyspepsia, Jaundice and Nervous Debility,
And all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach. Price, $1.00. A. ILTTLEFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. 1yrop18

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age: Is warranted to cure FLESH WORMS, PIMPLES, eruptions and BLOTCHED disfigurations of the face. Sold by *Druggists*. Depot 49 Bond St., New York.

For Moth Patches, Freckles,
AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by *Druggists everywhere*. 6m16

The only scientific, rational and successful mode of treating Catarrh in the head, that has been devised, consists in applying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche (the only method of reaching the upper chambers of the nose) and taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as *Constitutional* treatment. To this thorough course of treatment the disease yields as surely as fire is extinguished by water. The Douche and two medicines for $2 by all druggists. 50t.

VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE.—By its use you will prevent many of the diseases prevailing in the Spring and Summer season.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

VEGETINE will cure worst cases of Scrofula.

Save the Children.

Multitudes of them suffer, linger and die, because of *Pin-Worms*. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children or adults is **Dr. Goodell's Pin-Worm Syrup**, pure vegetable; sure death to all worms; a valuable cathartic, and beneficial to health. Warranted. Price reduced to 50 cents per bottle.

4m9 GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

It is a settled fact, that by toning and stimulating the nerve structure with an occasional dose of SMOKER'S BUCHU, you invigorate and regulate the nervous system, and prevent, remove or counteract kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, mental and physical debility, diabetes, gravel, female weakness and uterine complaints. It is without doubt the best, safest and surest diuretic alterative and solvent yet discovered.

☞It is no joke, but a fact, that the Blanchard Churn is literally *an Automatic Butter Maker*. Try it for yourself. Send to any dealer in first-class farm machinery for a circular,—or a churn.

In spite of your teeth,
Both above and beneath,
Being highly enamel'd and thin,
They will never break down,
Nor turn yellow nor brown,
If the SOZODONT'S daily brushed in.

THE most sanguine expectations are fully realized by the use of Duponco's Golden Pill.

Married.

In Belfast, 27th ult., James F. Eustis to Carrie F. Shuman, both of Belfast.

In Bethel, 28th ult., Kibridge Johnson, of Raymond, to Mercy A. Mains, of Bethel.

In Buxford, 5th inst., by H. M. Colby, Esq., Charles E. Johnson to Elma A. Kennison, both of Rumford.

In North Haven, 21st ult., Vincent J. Merserve of Cumberland, to Eleanor A. Thayer of North Haven.

In Palermo, 28th ult., Wm. W. Day to Mary E. Fowler, both of Palermo.

In Hallowell, 12th inst., by Rev. C. G. McCully, Sewell E. Winslow, of Hallowell, to Clara R. Sprague, of Washington.

In Skowhegan, 4th inst., Samuel W. Hill to Nellie E. Dealy, both of Skowhegan.

In Hampden, 4th inst., Frederick Sullivan, of Winterport, to Alice C. Pray, of Hampden.

In Gray, 8th inst., Albion K. P. Witham, of New Gloucester, to Emma Barbour, of Gray.

Died.

In this city, 8th inst., Wallace Lincoln, only child of Ethel H., and Phebe J. Jones, aged 2 years, 9 months; 4th inst., Robert B. Worthley, aged 59 years; 21st ult., Lura, daughter of David and Roxanna Dunn aged 18 years, 6 months; 6th inst., at the house of John Morgan, David D. Trask of Belgrade, aged 78; 14th inst., Levi Page, Esq., aged 75 years. Funeral on Thursday at 2 o'clock P. M., at vestry of Cong'l Church.

In Foxcroft, 4th inst., Mrs. Mary Hale, in the 91th year of her age.

At Boston Station, Kentucky, 24th ult., Otis G. Day, son of Samuel and Clarissa Day, of Veazie. In East Sangerville, 30th ult., Lois Spooner, aged 80 years.

NEW GOODS
Now Opening
—AT—
Fowler, Hamlin & Smith's
A Splendid Assortment of
DRY GOODS
Adapted to the
Spring and Summer Trade of 1872!

Customers are invited to examine our stock before purchasing, as we shall MAKE PRICES that cannot fail to please. 8t24

SAFE AND DESIRABLE
Municipal Bonds,
OF
KANSAS, MISSOURI, COLORADO & WISCONSIN,
Having from 5 to 30 years to run. Principal and interest payable in New York City. For sale at prices that will pay OVER 10 PER CENT. on the investment. Correspondence solicited with all wishing to buy or sell.
THOS. P. ELLIS & CO., Bankers,
4t34 14 Pine Street, New York.

TRUSSES,
SHOULDER BRACES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE PANS, ANKLETS, &c., of Various Sizes,
—FOR SALE AT—
24 FULLER'S DRUG STORE.

STILL AHEAD! The STAR SPANGLED BANNER, 8 pages *Ledger* size, overflowing with charming reading of all kinds to suit ALL persons. The superb bouquet of "Moss Roses," is still sent free, and this paper a whole year for only 75 cents. 30,000 Chromos now adorn as many homes. Specimens, 6 cents. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

CADMUS.
THIS FINE THOROUGHBRED TROTTING STALLION,

Will make the Season of 1872 at the stable of the subscribers, on Water street, a few doors north of Kennebec Bridge, AUGUSTA.
TERMS—For single service, $20; to warrant $30.
PEDIGREE.
CADMUS was bred by Daniel McMillan, Xenia Greene County, Southern Ohio; Foaled in 1854; Sire, Ben Butler (record not Scribbler) bred by the late R. A. Alexander of Kentucky; Ben Buttler by imported Scythian, out of Emma Wright, by imported Margrave; Margrave by Muley, dam Election, granddam by Hambletonian, &c. The dam of Cadmus was by Ohio Cadmus, sire of Pocahontas; Ohio Cadmus by American Eclipse, out of Di Vernon by imported Florizel, American Eclipse by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel, by imported Messenger; Duroc by Sir Archy, by imported Diomed &c. Whoever will examine the above pedigree, can not fail to find a remarkable combination of the best horse blood in the country, tracing directly back to Hambletonian and imported Messenger.

Cadmus is 154 hands high, weighs 1025 pounds, color a dark chestnut.

We have recently purchased this Horse at a large expense, as one of the best bred and finest made horses in New England. He is a very sure foal getter, his gait is open and clear, with a natural inclination to show a two-forty step without fitting or training, and in a majority of cases his colts are showing unequaled trotting action.

Among numerous letters which we have from horsemen testifying to the high qualities of Cadmus stock, we select the following from a gentleman who has been a shrewd and successful dealer in trotters.

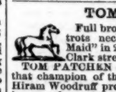
AUGUSTA, Me., May 6, 1872.

"I have known the stallion 'Cadmus,' brought into this county by Obadiah Whittier, of Vienna, Me.; and believe him to be one of the best bred Stallions in this State; last fall I drove one of his oldest colts, only two years old, in a sulky on the Augusta Track, and think for speed and ease of action, I never saw his equal of his age. JOHN H. MAY.

The colt referred to is owned by Daniel Hanscom of Hallowell, and can be seen at his stable at any time.

We have ample accommodations for stabbling and pasture. All mares sent from a distance will be well cared for. No risks taken. MEANS & BUTLER.

Augusta, May 10th, 1872. 6w24

TOM PATCHEN.

Full brother in blood to "LUCY," that trots neck and neck with "Goldsmith Maid" in 2.17½, will make the Season at 78 Clark street, PORTLAND.

TOM PATCHEN is 16 hands high; was sired by that champion of the turf, Geo. M. Patchen, that Hiram Woodruff pronounces the best stallion ever known; dam, Snowghirdsd, by May Day, by Sir Henry, by Sir Archy, that Frank Forrester pronounces the best thoroughbred stallion that ever stood on American soil; by imported Diomed, the best sire ever imported into America. (Forrester.)

Tom Patchen is the finest bred stallion in Maine, and no horse in America out styles him trotting, or pulls a heavier or stronger load built; he has blood from seven different imported horses, with five crosses from imported Messenger; no horse shows larger or better colts.

Tom Patchen is from a family of trotters, such as Geo. M. Patchen, Lucy, George Palmer and American Girl, that have been trotters.

Terms, $100 for the Season.

REFERENCES—Tom Patchen is the best blooded, boldest and gamest trotting stallion I have ever seen. I timed him a mile in 2.23.

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I think Tom Patchen the best stock horse in New England. I timed him a mile to wagon in 2.26.

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Tom Patchen is the boldest and stoutest stallion I ever knew. I drove him over Mystic Park in 2.32½, and half mile to wagon in 1.11.

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I have seen Tom Patchen turn Riverside Park to wagon in 1.12. R. E. MERROW, Cambridge, Mass.

Tom Patchen is the best blooded trotting stallion in the country, and shows some of the finest stock.

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We think Tom Patchen one of the very best stock horses in New England.

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For particulars address G. FOWLER.
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Hambletonian Stallion
PEQUAWKET.

Will make the ensuing season at BROWNFIELD, Oxford County, Maine.

PEQUAWKET is bay, seven years old, stands sixteen hands and a half hands high, was sired by Gideon, he by Rysdyke's Hambletonian, dam by Hiram Drew, grand dam by Eaton Horse.

Rysdyke's Hambletonian (grandsire of Pequawket) is sire and grandsire of more horses which have trotted 2.30, (including the two fastest stallions, the fastest mare, and fastest gelding in the world,) than any other horse that ever lived.

COUPON.

By GEN. KNOX, dam by Young Abdallah, will make the ensuing season at the same stable.

COUPON weighs 1150 lbs; is full brother to the celebrated trotting stallion "Jules Jerge...son," formerly Logan or Littlefield Colt, and is considered second to none of the untrained get of his celebrated sire.

TERMS—for either Horse—Season Service, producing a foal, $25; producing no foal, $10. Season ending September 1st.

Any mare showing a faster trotting gait than Pequawket, when taking his exercise, will receive his service free. Mares kept on reasonable terms, but no risks assumed.

For full pedigrees and description, address
JAMES EDGECOMB,
Brownfield, Oxford County, Me.

Breeding Stallions for the Season of 1872.

Thoroughbred Trotting Stallion GREY EAGLE, at Highland Stock Farm, Belmont, Mass.
Hambletonian Trotting Stallion 518 EDWIN, at Highland Stock Farm, Belmont, Mass.
Thoroughbred Trotting Stallion SCYTHIAN, at the farm of Rob't Huston, Falmouth, Foreside, Me.
Hambletonian Trotting Stallion LEDO, at the farm of Albert N. Burditt, Newport, Me.
Highly-bred Trotting Stallion TOUCHSTONE at the farm of John Roberts, Saccarappa, Me.

The undersigned desires to call attention to the above list of horses, for circulars, giving pedigrees, terms, &c., address the respective parties above named, or WINTHROP W. CHENERY,
6w34 196 State St., Boston, Mass.

KNOX JR.

This fast and fine bred Stallion will make the season of 1872 at my stable in Pittsfield. He was sired by Hon. T. S. Lang's horse Gen. Knox, and from a fine brood mare of the Withered stock. He is seven years old in June, and very closely resembles his sire in size, color and action. He took the first premium at the N. E. Fair, at Lowell in 1871 for the best Stallion 5 years old and under 8. Those wishing to raise Knox Stock will do well to call and see my

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

SPRING SONG.

Blow Spring, upon the lap of earth,
And draw the Winter from the hills;
Oh! draw men from a thousand ills,
And touch their sadness into mirth.

Blow through the woods, and wake again
New leafage on the naked trees,
That croak and chatter to the breeze
Which harries from the northern main.

Blow round about the garden bower,
Where clinging rose and jasmine stray,
And where the liquid forces play
That roll the bud and spread the flower.

Blow o'er the hills and lakes and plains,
And stir them with thy quickening life,
Till nature feels the generous strife
Of being working in her veins.

Blow through the haunts of sin and death,
Where festering vices thickly breed;
Blow into man a better creed,
And sift them with thy winnowing breath.

Our Story Teller.

WASHING ON SUNDAY.

How the Deacon's Wife Introduced the Deacon.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to commence moving at precisely 5 o'clock, Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then. They went through the tearing-up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the deacon's wife and baby, and the best room looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at 5 o'clock, P. M.

"Blessed be nothing!" exclaimed the tired little woman, as the deacon helped her out of the wagon. "If we had been Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we shouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we. My! how my poor bones would have ached through this time to-morrow night. I'm glad the Lord knows what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the deacon, and looking around.

It was but a few hours' ride to C., and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight they walked up the street to their new home, very tired, and thankful they were not Squire Ransom's folks, but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on the doors and windows, the depth of which they knew not before; and the heat was intense. But the deacon possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well that, by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:

"The deacon thinks his work is almost done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun."

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said, laughing and turning round to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C., took an active part, and after meeting waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren, answer their inquiries and present his letters. He had the satisfaction of feeling on his way home, that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did in the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled up her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there. "Can't tell exactly when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's enough wood split to last till then. Good by" he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went back singing to her half-washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the cradle-rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Jill." When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her nest of a cradle—bless her!—she washed the pretty faces till they blushed like red peppers, and then settled them in their trundle-bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! she did look so tired as she came out from the bed-room, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosketo-net over the baby; it would have made your back ache to look at her. But the cheery heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair up a little, so if any one should come I wouldn't spoil the deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to a little glass that hung between the kitchen windows. Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself all up in her wavy brown hair. "Oh, how pretty," she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's, "Guess if somebody had been at home I'd had a kiss, then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains went up and the cobwebs came down; how the best room looking-glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days" never shone through so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the deacon's return nearer.

One morning she awakened early, entirely free from the wretched headache she had the day before. "I want it all done; the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon." Quietly dressing so as not to awaken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire and commenced operations. How she did work! every step told of something done, and at half-past ten, despite all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out her clothes, so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes line ran nearly out to the front fence, through the sideyard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course. "How many people are passing," she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me; guess it must be the clothes though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the deacon's shirts to the line. Hark! was that the front gate? Before she had time to turn around, the deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter?

"Martha—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go, as she said, "Not until you speak to me different from that, Samuel, and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all going to meeting, and you hanging out shirts? It's Sunday morning!" Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air, I'm sure the people never heard before. "Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the people stared at me and my clothes. Oh, oh, oh!" and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor deacon was scandalized. "Martha!" he said, in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more, and it was not till she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she walked up soberly into the house. The door closed behind them. She went up to him with a little caress, and said, "Samuel, kiss and forgive me, and I'll go to work and ravel it out. I truly will," and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the deacon kissed her, and laughed too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You are not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me his sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be traveling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday-breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The deacon turned slowly around and sat down. Then perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said, "Be a good boy, now, and tell me all the truth; remember George Washington, dear." The deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hands that held him captive in his own, said, "Well, little woman, I had everything up last night, ready to start for home on the 5 o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat, leastways I dropped asleep in the depot, and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the 9 o'clock and get home at midnight, so you wouldn't be lonesome Sunday, but we broke down, and just got here half an hour ago. Then to think, after walking through town from the cars, and folks a looking at me on their way to church!"

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trip, you should walk in at your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church! dear, dear, dear! What do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking it was washing-day?" "I don't think," she added, "he'll be very hard with me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache, it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night, and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it; his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday way) slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes lines. Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish, when the deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I could not stand it, Martha," he said in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them, today, Samuel—would you?" she said, archly.

The deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday newspaper.

By-and-by the people began to come from church. What a sudden, surprised interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed and stared and looked back, and gazed again, but the deacon was a humble man—it did not flatter him; he read his newspaper and sighed, opened his Bible to read, and sighed again, and then fell to thinking. A little while after two arms stole softly around his neck, and a dear voice said, "Forget all about it, dear, and I'll ——" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown, wavy hair, and dressed in a cool white muslin dress, with far between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washer-woman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his throat, and, in a piping voice, said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanation should be made before our people again gathered for evening service!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins, you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well, the fact was, the deacon was away, and I made a miscount of the days somehow, and I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then wasn't it funny! I got up at 5 this morning, and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd get all through before the deacon came home; I declare I've laughed so about it that I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, though, elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it," and she smiled so sweetly, they both were completely won. When they rose to go Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "It is our missionary meeting, to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine again. "Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain, to-night. I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go, she would be so delighted."

"O, thank you—that would be so nice—you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up to him. No matter what the deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea-table, that night, she broke into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the deacon.

"O, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirts in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week-day stride. Ha! ha!" and they laughed together till the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, Susie telling stories, the deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door, "work in a little spice, if you can, and I'll tread on your corns when it is time to step."

The meeting was opened as usual; then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

"A little wiry, black-eyed man rose and said: "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst deacons travel on Sunday, and deacons' wives wash and hang out clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet, womanly voice, saying: "Now, O Lord, 'stablish thy word unto thy servant, so shall I have where with to answer him that reproaches me, for I trust in thy word." Then turning to him, she said: "My brother, you shall have an explanation," and in a simple, almost child-like way, she told the story of her mistake, and the deacon's delay, then added: "My brother, 'judge nothing before the time until the Lord come. For we shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more!" Your sheep, my brother, will be sweet to-night, if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is, for "I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The next morning Rev. Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing-day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came here early. I could hardly wait to get here to talk over that funny affair. Henry said after you sat down, last night, he felt like inviting you into the pulpit."

"Why, bless me!" said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got under the deacon's coat! 'Twas the first time I ever spoke in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did, last night!" said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital, said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "That's what Joe Dean has needed for a long time, a good reproof, but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has done just what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. "You have made yourself famous; look out for plenty of calls, this week!"

"Oh, well," she said, tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time."

"Mrs. Brown laughed, and said: "I think I will send you word next Saturday night, that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you are fully competent to manage your own affairs, without any of my wife's interference, and, so, laughing merrily, they started.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she reached the door, "don't you think I've introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Somebody was chased out into the kitchen just then, and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.

☞Dr. Everleigh, who with his family was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the Master of Baliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun.—Dr. Everleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorder by use of egg diet, and had soon after married. Whether, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Everleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he," said Lee, "why then, I hope the yoke will set easy." In a few hours afterwards Dr. Lee died. The yoke did set easy on Dr. Everleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.

☞If men would but hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would be a good step towards loving their neighbors as they do themselves.

☞No possessions are good, but by the good use we make of them; without which, wealth, power, friends and servants do but help to make our lives more unhappy.

Some Remarkable Instances of Mistaken Identity.

Pliny tells us once that Sura, the pro-consul, met a fisherman. Sure that the one was dressed in purple, the other in rags, the resemblance between them was so striking that not only the noble Roman was amazed, but all his followers. It was the same face, height, general appearance, and even the inflections of the voice were similar. The fisherman might have lorded it over the rich Sicilian Province, or the Consul have cast his nets, and few men would have been the wiser.

A very curious one is that which gave such prominence to Troson du Coudray, who afterwards pleaded so nobly for the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. The story, too, has a pretty bit of romance in it worth recalling. In the year 1773, in August, near Peronne, a traveler on horseback finds a stray boy, clad in rags, wandering disconsolate by the side of a forest. Attracted by his inarticulate cries, he addresses him, and find that he is deaf and dumb. M. de Sartine is then Minister of Police, and the child is placed in the asylum at Bicetre. The boys there, generally of low origin, despise the new comer, who seems of gentle birth, and who refuses to play with them. All this comes to the ears of the Abbe de L' Epee, celebrated for his discovery in giving back lost senses.—He sees the boy, who has already acquired some knowledge of the deaf and dumb language, and the little fellow makes him understand that he is of gentle birth; that he once lived in a beautiful country house; that his father, who was an officer and a nobleman, is dead, but that his mother and sister are living. He informs the Abbe that one day a man on horseback took him away and left him in the wood by himself, and that he was in this way got rid of. The Abbe took the boy, whom he called Joseph, under his own care, and he became his especial favorite. By-and-by the good Abbe was fired with the idea of making researches among all the noble families of France, with the hope of finding some place where Joseph's story would coincide. Strangely enough, it came to his ears that there was a noble family called Solar, consisting of mother and daughter that the Count Solar was dead, and, what was more singular, too, there had been a deaf and dumb boy, a son, who had disappeared. Here was a perfect parallel. The son was said to have died.

The Abbe would not believe it. Then an unfortunate man was introduced on the scene, Cazeaux by name, who was to suffer all kinds of torments. It was ascertained the youngest Count of Solar had been in Cazeaux's hands, but Cazeaux declared the child had died at Bagneres, of small-pox, in 1774. In 1775 the mother died. Then the Abbe took up the cudgels for Joseph, and interested the Duke of Penthievre in the matter. The boy was sent to Clermont, where his supposed sister resided, but as thirteen years had passed since she had seen her brother, she did not know him. Mme. de Solar's father was, however, still living, who said, he thought the boy did look something like his grandson, but what made him feel stronger in the belief that he was his grandfather, was because he felt a natural attraction toward him. Even the Countess' family joined with the old gentleman and declared that from the look of the boy from the shoulders and knock-knees, he must be the long lost son. There was a mole, too, on Joseph's back; they were all ready to swear it was the precise mole on the young Count's person.—Nevertheless, the young lady insisted in the most obstinate way that the boy was not her brother. In the meantime poor Cazeaux was hunted down. As the author of an infernal plot, he was loaded with chains, hurled into prison, stripped of all his property, and was made to suffer untold outrages. He was put in a loathsome prison for eleven months, and a final judgment was about being declared against him, when De Coudray took his case. It was proved beyond a doubt that the young Count was alive in 1774, while in 1773 the boy Joseph was in Bicetre. It was found out, too, that Joseph was not quite as deaf as was imagined, but heard a little, and thus managed to pick up a good deal of information about his pretended family relationship with the Solars. Finally Cazeaux was liberated, a ruined man in health and prospects, and, though he was declared perfectly innocent, half of France was still determined to think him a guilty wretch. The sequel is rather pretty. A. M. Avril, a wealthy old bachelor, one of the Judges of the Chatelet, who had been most severe in his opinions concerning Cazeaux, and who had helped to bring him to misfortunate, died, and, as an atonement, made Cazeaux his legatee. The French revolution then following, the young Countess Solar was deprived of all her means, and lived in abject poverty. Caseaux proposed, was accepted, they were married, and lived together to happy old age, the Countess dying under the reign of Louis Philippe. Whether Joseph was a swindler or not, it is difficult to determine. All that is known of him afterward was, that he went into the army and was killed in battle.

The misfortune of Martin Guerre and his wife, Bertrande de Rols, is perhaps the strangest of all the cases of mistaken identity, and forms a most interesting story. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Martin married Bertrande. When they were about twenty years of age, a son is born, whom they called Sanix. Suddenly Martin deserts the fair Bertrande and her child and is no longer heard of. Eight years pass by—when lo! one fine day, a man, resembling at least, in every respect, the long-lost Martin, appears, claims Bertrande as his wife, and is received in her loving arms. They live together for three years, and two children are born. Suddenly a storm bursts out in this apparently happy household. Bertrande declares that Martin is not her husband. There is an uncle, Peter Guerre, who swears that this man is not his nephew. Bertrande implores the Court to intercede in her behalf, that he be punished and made to ask pardon of God, the King and herself. His story is heard. He declares himself to be the true and only Martin. That he had been to the wars, in the service of his King for eight years, but that at last, animated with a desire to see his wife and child, he had come back to them. He gave the minutest details of everything connected with his marriage, named the numerous guests present at the ceremony, how they were dressed, what food graced the marriage feast, described the priest, and was minute as to the circumstances of Sanix's birth. One hundred and fifty witnesses were called in. Thirty said he was Martin, but the others were equally positive that he was not Martin, while some refused to give any opinion at all. A series of critical observations were made as to what he looked like. It was agreed, there was little likeness between him and the boy Sanix; but as to the four sisters of Martin Guerre, they all looked as much like one another as so many peas in the same pod.

The case was brought before the Toulouse Parliament, and a new set of inquiries of the most searching character were instituted. He was passed in review by thirty witnesses. Ten swore he was Martin, eight said he was not, and the remaining twelve refused to give an opinion.

The most positive declares that Martin was a shade taller, and that his complexion was more sallow. That the old and original Martin was slim, and of a nervous temperament. That he had a cleft in his chin, had a hanging under lip, with a big turn-up nose; that he had a mark on his cheek and a scar over his eyebrow. The man on trial had his face examined; and all these precise marks were found. A shoemaker, however testified that Martin wore shoes of the size marked twelve, whereas this man wore eights. Somebody added that Martin was an athlete, and skilled in military exercises, while the prisoner was not. At last somebody was found who declared that when he had seen the real Martin last, some few years before, he was hobbling about on one leg, the other having been carried off by a cannon ball, at the battle of St. Quentin. It was certain that the real Martin spoke Basque fluently, while the prisoner could not speak it at all. However, here were the four sisters, who all swore pointblank as did the mother-in-law, that the man was Martin Guerre, and nobody else. Persons present at the marriage twenty-eight years before, all declared the same thing, and an old woman affirmed that she served the husband with food on the wedding night, and the person she saw rise the next day was the man on trial. New tests as to the personal appearance was determined on. Martin Guerre had some bad teeth a mark like a drop of blood on the ear—then again, the nail of his first finger had been lost, and there were three warts on his right hand. The prisoner's person was found to tally precisely to every one of them. Hosts of people swore that when the accused came back he called every one of them by name, and could tell them all that had happened ten, fifteen and twenty years before.

The man in his defense, declared that it was a plot on the part of his wife's uncle to defraud him of his rights. That, during his eight years' absence, this uncle had appropriated money belonging to him, which he now refused to return. He asked if it was possible that a woman could live with him as his wife for three years, and during that period be a mother to two children and not find out her mistake? If Sanix did not look like him, was that to be brought in judgment against him? Was there anything very dreadful in a son not resembling his father? Could they doubt of his resemblance to his four sisters, all of whom could swear to his being their brother? If he was stouter and not so active, eight long years had made these changes.

Suddenly, however, a new comer presented himself, who stumped into court with but one leg, and in a loud voice declared that he was Martin Guerre, and that the other man was Arnaud du Tilth. The Court and learned Judges are amazed. There stood the husband face to face, with a trembling woman between them, eagerly scanning ther countenances.—Du Tilth asks Martin Guerae a series of questions, when Martin hesitated. Martin then interrogates Du Tilth, who answers with a readiness that surprises every one. Certainly, Du Tilth seems more like the real husband than Martin. A series of secret questions more carefully composed are proposed to Martin, who replies to them, the same are propounded to Arnaud, who answered in almost the exact words. The Judges were dumbfounded. At last the Guerre sisters are confronted with the two men. They hesitated for some time, and at last settled on the one-legged man as their brother. Du Tilth was sentenced to be beheaded, and his body quartered. The Judges begged Martin to take Bertrande back again. He sternly refused, for to have taken that other man for him has dishonored her forever in his eyes; he would have none of her. Du Tilth confessed everything. How he learnt in camp from Martin Guerre himself all the secrets of his married life; how he had for months studied his part, and imposed on Bertrande.

It seems to have been an unfortunate affair all round, for some years afterward M. de Coras, the presiding Judge, and several of his learned brothers, all being Huguenots, were massacred on the festival of St. Bartholomew.

A modern Spanish case, occurring about ten years ago, from its resembling the Tichborne case, is worth recording. It is known as that of Feli n de Fontaniles. The son of a noble Spanish family, after some disagreement at home, went to South America, entered the Argentine army, and became a commander. He wrote home occasionally, and was then lost sight of. The father had died, and there was a lapse of ten years. Suddenly a man came back who represented himself as the lost son, and claimed his rights. The old retainers of the family accepted him, and even members of the family believed in him. He resided in the house some months. At last suspicion was aroused. The trial lasted two years, and was cram-full of doubts and complications. A commission was sent to South America, when it was discovered that the claimant was the son of a baker in Barcelona; that he had served in South America, but that the original de Fontanilles had been killed. The boker's wife herself proved certain marks on the claimant's body, stated that he was her son, and not the Count, and the swindler was condemned to imprisonment for life.

An Interview with Hiram Powers.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Last evening Mr. Powers called to see us, and sat down to talk in a friendly and familiar way. I do not know a man of more facile intercourse, nor with whom one so easily gets rid of ceremony. His conversation, too, is interesting. He talked to begin with, about Italian food, as poultry, mutton, beef, and their lack of savoriness, as compared with our own; and mentioned an exquisite dish of vegetables, which they prepare from squash or pumpkin blossoms; likewise another dish which it will be well for us to remember when we get back to the Wayside, where we are overrun with acacias. It consists of the acacia blossom, in a certain stage of its developement, fried in olive oil. I shall get the receipt from Mrs. Powers, and mean to deserve well of my country by first trying it, and then making it known; only I doubt whether American lard, or even butter, will produce the dish quite so delicious as fresh Florence oil.

Meanwhile, I like Powers all the better because he does not put his life wholly into marble. We had much talk, nevertheless, on matters of sculpture; for he drank a cup of tea with us, and stayed a good while.

He passed a condemnatory sentence on classic busts in general, saying that they were conventional, and not to be depended upon as true representations of the persons. He particularly excepted none but the bust of Caracalla; and, indeed, everybody that had seen this bust must feel the justice of the exception, and so be inclined the more to accept his opinion about the rest. There are not more than half a dozen—that of Cato the Censor among others—in regard to which I should like to ask his judgment individually. He seems to think the faculty of making a bust an extremely rare one. Canova put his own likeness into all the busts he made. Greenough could not make a good one, nor Crawford, nor Gibson. Mr. Harte, he observed, an American sculptor now resident in Florence, is the best man of the day for making busts. Of course, it is to be presumed that he excepts himself; but I would not do Powers the great injustice to imply that there is the slightest professional jealousy in his estimate of what others have done, or are now doing, in his own art. If he saw a better man than himself, he would recognize him at once, and tell the world of him. But he knows well enough that in this line there is no better, and probably none so good. It would not accord with the simplicity of his character to blink a fact that stands so broadly before him.

We asked him what he thought of Mr. Gibson's practice of coloring his statues; and he quietly and slyly said that he himself had made wax figures in his earlier days, but had left off making them now. In short, he objected to the practice wholly, and said that a letter of his on the subject had been published in the London *Athenæum*, and had given great offense to some of Mr. Gibson's friends. It appeared to me, however, that his arguments did not apply quite fairly to the case; for he seemed to think Gibson aims at producing an illusion of life in the statute, whereas, I think, his object is merely to give warmth and softness to the snowy marble, and so bring it a little nearer to our hearts and sympathies. Even so far, nevertheless, I doubt whether the practice is defensible; and I was glad to see that Powers scorned, at all events, the argument drawn from the use of color by the antique sculptors, on which Gibson relies so much. It might almost be implied, from the contemptuous way in which Power spoke of color, that he considered it an impertinence on the face of visible Nature, and would rather the world had been made without it; for he said that everything in intelect or feeling can be expressed as perfectly, or more so, by the sculptor in colorless marble as by the painter with all the resources of his palette. I asked him whether he could model the face of Beatrice Cenci from Guido's picture, so as to retain the subtle expression, and he said he could, for that the expression depended entirely on the drawing, "the picture being a badly colored thing." I inquired whether he could model a blush, and he said, "Yes," and that he had once proposed to an artist to express a blush in marble if he would express it in a picture. On consideration, I believe one to be as impossible as the other, the life and reality of the blush being in its tremulousness, coming and going. It is lost in a settled red, just as in a settled paleness; and neither the sculptor nor painter can do more than represent the circumstances of attitude and expression that accompany the blush. There was a great deal of truth in what Powers said about this matter of color; and in one of our interminable New England winters it ought to comfort us to think how little necessity there is for any hue but that of the snow.

Mr. Powers, nevertheless, had brought us a bunch of beautiful roses, and seemed as capable of appreciating their delicate blush as we were. The best thing, he said, against the use of color in marble was to the effect that the whiteness removed the object represented into a sort of spiritual region, and so gave chaste permission to those nudities which would otherwise suggest immodesty. I have myself felt the truth of this, in a certain sense of shame, as I looked at Gibson's tinted Venus. He took his leave at about eight o'clock, having to make a call on the Bryants, who are at the Hotel de New York, and also on Mrs. Browning, at Casa Guidi.—*From Good Words.*

How he Spent his Money.

A marked instance in which "a fool and his money soon parted" has lately reached its culmination in New York. A young man named Buttle came to his majority about two years since, his twenty-first birthday bringing him into control of a fortune of $250,000. He soon married a Southern lady, who, it would seem, had to an uncommon degree a weakness peculiarly pertaining to women—fondness for jewelry and dress—for she permitted her husband to load her down, in the first year of married life, with $30,000 in diamonds, and also sported a $600 wardrobe. This spendthrift took very expensive rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, drove his fast horses, and the two devoted their time to "cutting a swell" generally. He also gambled in Wall street. On the Black Friday he lost $30,000, and the expenses the first year of himself and wife were some $60,000.

Becoming rapidly impecunious, he sold his horses, and changed his boarding place, going to the Gilsey House, where he forged a draft in payment of his board, and was detected and arrested. His friends, casting about to help him out, discovered that he had sold for *less than half their cost* his wife's diamonds back to the jewelers of whom they were purchased, that he lost that money in three days in stocks, and that he had secretly pawned his wife's wardrobe, and was not only a forger but a beggar; the only son of one of the old style merchant princes who had battled the world successfully, and died in the delusion that his son would not be forced to work for a living.

The wife, it is said, was ignorant of the condition of things until the arrest of her husband as a forger.

Our Young Folks' Column.

A STORY TOLD TO GRACIE.

One day in Summer's glow
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,
With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair,
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow,
Ah me! we loved it so—
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms;
It learned to laugh and crow,
And play and kiss us—so—
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise,
We met each other's eyes,
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"
We questioned earth and air.
But, seeking everywhere,
We never found it from that Summer day.

But in its wonted place
There was another face—
A little girl's, with yellow-curly hair
About her shoulders tossed,
And the sweet babe we lost
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so fair.

She dances, romps and sings,
And does a hundred things
Which my lost baby never tried to do;
She longs to read in books,
And with bright, eager looks
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,
I love the rogue so well,
Whether I would retrace the four years' track,
And lose the merry sprite,
Who makes my home so bright,
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue-eyes! do you see
Who stole my babe from me,
And brought the little girl from fairy clime?
A gray old man with wings,
Who steals all precious things;
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world, they say;
He took my babe away—
My precious babe—and left me in its place
This little maiden fair
With yellow-curly hair,
Who lives on stories, and whose name is Grace!
—*Our Young Folks.*

"I Thought it was my Mother's Voice."

Many are the instances in which the memory of a mother's love, in which the mere mention of a mother's name, has struck to the heart of an erring youth like a dart from heaven, and summoned him back to the walks of piety and peace.

A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale; but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone on the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady, who stood near to him, until she had laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice; it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had, then," said the lady, "a mother who loved you?"

With sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "O, yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost! Lost to good society, lost to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate, in his little memorandum-book.

Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great services you rendered me a few years ago," said he in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the young man, "that you have forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, is so much like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had so kindly spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he; "and it always seemed as the voice of my mother speaking from the tomb! I repented of my transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolution."

"I never dreamed that there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely, ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

Make your own Sunshine.

"Oh, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in-doors all day and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all; and I'll have just time to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you do talk;" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory here, you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack.

"Now let me give you these rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books are all torn, and"—

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of this."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.
UNCLE JACK AND LITTLE JENNIE.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember: A CHEERFUL HEART MAKES ITS OWN SUNSHINE.—*The Little Folks.*

☞A little girl of eight or ten summers being asked what dust was, replied that "it was mud with the juice squeezed out."

☞"Ah!" said a little fellow to a companion who had just been severely punished for some fault, "I guess you haven't got a grandmother."

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